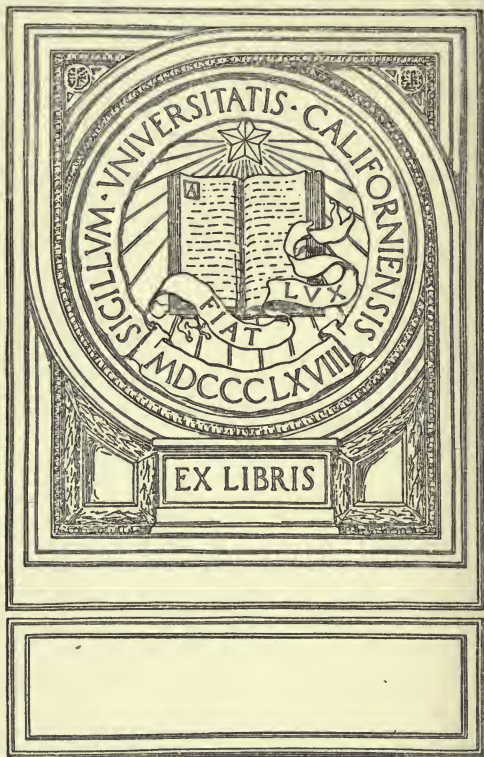


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P O E M S,

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||

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WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

1840.

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DEDICATION.

To the friends, living and departed, whose kindness will forever endear the remembrance of a recent residence among them, these pages are affectionately and gratefully inscribed by their

AUTHOR.

Boston, 1840.

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P O E M S .

MAY.

WHERE Spring's fair Queen, the radiant May,
Had strewed with flowers her dewy way,
Mid her sweet treasures scattered round,
A bright and perfumed gift we found.

Each dew-gemmed bud our gardens yield,
Each lowlier flower that decks the field,
A fragrant wreath our fingers twine, —
A gift for friendship's sacred shrine.

A simple gift ; yet love demands
No costlier tribute at our hands :
The heart that beats unchanged and free,
Far dearer in thy sight shall be.

The living fount, whence freely flow
Thoughts warm and true as love can know,
Though all unseen its tide may swell,
My strain is weak its strength to tell.

Like music o'er a moonlit sea,
O! be thy future destiny ;
And may life's yet untrodden bowers
Yield nought but sweet and thornless flowers.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

“ My love ! still I think that I see thee once more ;
But, alas ! thou hast left me thy loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More ! ”

Thou art gone in the freshness of beauty and bloom,
Mid silence and darkness to rest in the tomb :
Our hearts are left mourning, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More !

The spirit of beauty, so pure and so bright,
That shed round our pathway love's halo of light,
Hath fled to its fountain, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More !

Then let not our tears for thy rapture be given ;
Though thy dust sleep in silence, thy soul is in heaven :
We weep for the living, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More !

When sighs and when mourning in joy shall be hushed,
And sorrow's last fountain of tears shall have gushed,
Our home shall be heaven, my own little Kathleen,
Sweet Kathleen O'More !

THE BAPTISM.

SHE stands before her Maker's throne, with spirit fixed
above,
Where springs Faith's living fount, to lead that holy gift
of love ;
With fervent prayer and tuneful strain proceeds the simple rite,
That, to his Master's gathering band, her infant shall
unite.

What gushing prayers to Heaven ascend from that fond
mother's heart,
That his young soul from holiness and truth may ne'er
depart ;
But, all unstained as early dew, to God and truth be given,
A spotless sacrifice to glow upon the shrine of heaven.

Yes, as the sacred waters fall upon his fearless head,
What thrilling thoughts, what holy hopes, o'er his young
heart are shed !

A mother's love ! exhaustless spring, whence, all unsullied
flow

The holiest streams of sympathy that e'er can gush below.

A mother's heart ! change cannot dim, nor absence quench
the flame

That glows upon its hidden shrine, in joy or grief the
same :

On earth, its full, deep meed of bliss ne'er to the soul is
given ;

It asks a holier home than earth, — the paradise of heaven.

* * * *

Thou blessed one ! o'er whose fair brow the mystic
waters fell,

What yearning prayers for thee and thine, deep in my
bosom swell :

I feel the impotence of words one kind thought to ex-
press,

Of all that swell within my heart thy opening life to bless.

O ! may the morning's fragrance rise, thy grateful meed
to pay,

And may'st thou consecrate to God the noon's meridian
ray ;

And when the dews of evening call to slumber and to
rest,

O ! may'st thou fearless seek thy couch as a fond moth-
er's breast.

Thou, to whose race the Sinless One the priceless boon
did give,

To be the emblem meet of those whose souls in glory
live,

May Heaven's best blessing rest upon thy young and
happy head,
And strew with flowers of heaven's own hue, the future
thou must tread.

TO MY BROTHER.

My brother ! on thy natal day,
My heart a sister's meed would pay :
Thou canst not read the thoughts that swell
Fast gushing, from love's fountain cell ;
Yet couldst thou hear my secret prayer,
Thy name would be recorded there.

My brother ! Time's fleet wings have shed
His many changes o'er each head.
Joy's thrilling whispers have been heard,
And sorrow's fount of tears been stirred ;
Yet has he left our hearts the same, —
Still bright, affection's hallowed flame.

Though long since hand in hand, we trod
The pebbled strand, the verdant sod, —
Though Time has breathed his varied strain,
The song of joy, the knell of pain, —
Though now, with yearning hearts we trace
Our sainted mother's vacant place, —

He cannot break the chain of love,
That links us to our home above :
There strains of seraph sweetness rise ;
The smile of God illumines its skies.
No tone is heard of human wo,
Where joy's rich notes harmonious flow.

And, brother ! by the hope of heaven,
To cheer our earthly dwelling given,
The faith, which views *her* spirit, where
No cloud can dim the holy air,
O ! let us love, while yet shall beam
Life's sunlight o'er time's flowing stream.

TO MY SISTER.

My sister ! strange but hallowed name !
With joy I own thy proffered claim.
Words are but worthless to impart
The varied thoughts that fill my heart.
Yet shall my feeble strain essay
A sister's meed of love to pay.

Welcome ! thrice welcome to my love,
Sent as an angel from above
To cheer my onward path below,
And whisper peace mid doubt and wo.

I view the gracious blessing near,
The cherished hope of many a year.

I greet thee, love ! my brother's bride,
Dearer to him than aught beside.
And dear indeed thou art to me,
My sister, in his bride I see:
A fervent prayer for thee I raise,
As love this simple tribute pays.

O ! may no gathering cloud of care
The sweet repose of love impair :
May each unbreathed, unwritten dream
In full fruition brighter beam :
And should the chastening tone be given,
Still be its word of promise, — heaven.

May wedded love thy pathway bless
With truth's enduring faithfulness.
My sister ! could thy future be
Bright as the prayer I raise for thee,
Though its deep strength thou canst not read,
Dearest ! thou wouldst be blest indeed.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

LIST to the Master's gracious voice,
Which bids the sorrowing heart rejoice,
Even though the tomb's dark portals close
Above the slumbering form's repose :
Angels their holy vigils keep
Around its calm, unearthly sleep.

Come ye around her couch to bend :
Faith can its quickening influence lend.
Look on the form reposing there,
In death so beautifully fair.
Pure temple for the immortal guest,
Meet type of heaven's all-perfect rest.

What though your tears as dew be shed
Around the loved, the early dead ?
What though no more that speaking eye
To greet your answering gaze be nigh ?
What though the gay, glad spring-note be
As a hushed strain of memory ?

Has she not met, in yon bright sphere,
Those vanished ones, to love so dear ?
Was not the Saviour's blessing shed
As incense o'er the infant head ?
"To me their sinless souls be given :
Of such the kingdom is of heaven."

Fearless, that gracious call she heard ;
And, as the heaven-aspiring bird
Plumes joyfully its golden wing,
Mid realms of purer light to sing,
So did her spotless soul ascend,
Before her Maker's throne to bend.

Life was to her a joyous dream :
She wakes where heaven's rich glories beam.
Calmly, as to her earthly rest,
Her fair young head its pillow pressed :
The angel-guard ye might not see,
Nor hear their strain of melody.

Would ye recall her from that sphere,
Though ransomed by one prayer, one tear ?
A few short years of grief and pain,
And ye shall meet your own again,
Where life's pure tide, unsullied swells,
And love shall breathe no sad farewells.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

Blow ye the trump of Fame !
And raise to heaven its deathless sound !
Loud let it spread earth's circuit round,
And waft the one loved name,
Far as the sun with radiant beam hath shone,
Thy sacred name, Immortal WASHINGTON.

O glorious, hallowed theme,
That name by wondering millions blest,
So dear to every freeman's breast !
Well may the poet's dream,
The painter's canvass, and the marble tell,
Why in our hearts joy's gushing fountains swell.

A cloud burst o'er our cherished land ;
True was each heart and nerved each hand.
The young their parents' blessing sought,
And boldly for their country fought.
The aged poured one fervent prayer,
And meekly shared the soldier's fare :
Their blood, their lives, for our fair homes were given,
Their hopes were rested on the arm of Heaven.
Yet still no morn of bliss was near,
No sun, to chase their night of fear ;
Dark seemed their future fate,
Dreary and desolate.

Sad were the presages then given.
But lo ! upon their clouded heaven

A star arose. Its dazzling light
Dispelled the gathering shades of night ;
Blessing and freedom were the glorious day.
That star its bright ascendant gained ;
No mist its shining pathway stained ;
No cloud obscured its glowing, deathless ray.

What was the heaven-born star
That shed its light afar,
Above the war-cry's din, the battle's strife,
And guided us to victory and life ?
The name is breathed from every freeman's mouth ;
It comes like incense, on the gentle south :
And beams not now the kindling eye ?
Rise not our swelling notes on high ?
It is thy natal day, thou matchless one !
The day that gave to earth its WASHINGTON !
It is a feeble gift we bring,
And gratitude in vain attempts to tell
The glorious visions that within us swell.

There is a holy spot, —
Be not the stone forgot,
Which hides from view his mouldering dust,
Till earth shall yield to Heaven its sacred trust :
Be that our Mecca, that, fair freedom's shrine ;
Brightly may freedom's sunlight o'er it shine :
And when his children shall declare
With reverence, the glorious name,
That links them to a future race,
And challenges immortal fame,
May they, though in the dust his form they trace,
Look up to heaven, and say, " his soul is there."

MUSIC.

WHEN sorrow o'er the spirit breathes,
And grief its flowers of darkness wreathes,
Music shall wake the heavenly lyre,
And with new joy the soul inspire.

When joy's full gushing tide would seek
A fitting tongue its bliss to speak,
Music its deathless lay shall swell,
And bid the strain our rapture tell.

When, bending at the shrine of prayer,
We lay our grateful offering there,
The organ's pealing notes shall raise
In numbers high, our song of praise.

In joy or sorrow, weal or wo,
The varied strain shall gently flow ;
And sweetly fall upon the ear,
To gild our hope, or calm our fear.

Eternal One ! to whom was given
That first, pure, choral song of heaven,
Which echoed through the courts above,
And swelled the notes of joy and love,—

Our feeble voices raised to Thee,—
O ! may their notes accepted be :
Thine be the offering we raise,
And Thine our spirit's noblest praise.

FAITH.

“ My soul trusteth in Thee: yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge.” *Psaln lvii.*

WHEN shadows brood around my way,
Nor hope breathes forth her cheering lay,
God! to the shelter of Thy wing,
My weary, fainting soul I bring.

Then flee the gathering clouds of night,
Then burst Thy splendors on my sight;
My spirit gathers strength to meet
The ambushed foe, the sad defeat.

My Father! when the storm beats high,
And doubt, and gloom, and death are nigh,
My doubts remove, dispel the gloom,
And cheer with hope the opening tomb.

Though o'er my path the cloud I see,
Trusting, I turn my eye to Thee;
And tread, unharmed, the wave-washed strand,
Supported by Thy guiding hand.

“ I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.”

LIST to the gracious voice,
That from the confines of the cheerless grave,
The cherished one to fond affection gave.

O let the soul rejoice :
Even mid our yearning for the loved and dear,
One blessed ray the damp, cold grave can cheer.

Ye who so late have bent,
In love's hushed stillness, round the bed of death,
Watching the last throe of the parting breath, —

Ye who the prayer have sent,
Faithful and fervent, to the throne of God,
Through Him who once the same dark pathway trod, —

Shall not the tear-drop fall,
Remembering her, the loved of many a heart,
So soon from earth and earth's bright things to part ?

It is not weakness all,
The tear ye shed upon her early bier,
Whose form shall ne'er on earth our presence cheer.

Not with the fading leaf,
Can fade the perfume of the death-touched flower :
It cheers the heart in many a wintry hour.

Though few indeed and brief,
The moments when it bloomed upon the sight,
Long shall each hue to memory's eye be bright.

Thus shall it be with thee,
Sweet flower ! that bloomed awhile upon our way,
Transplanted now to heaven's celestial day.

Rich, glorious destiny !
Who would recall thee from that heavenly sphere,
Though ransomed by affection's holiest tear ?

Thou in the world above,
Canst bend thee, unsubdued by grief and wo,
At the pure fount whence living waters flow ;

While we, with trusting love,
Dwell on the pledge with joy and glory rife, —
“ I am the Resurrection and the Life.”

“ GOD IS HERE.”

WHEN wandering in life's trial way,
Say, is there nought the heart to cheer,
To point us to eternal day,
And gently whisper, “ God is here ? ”

Yes ! nature has a thrilling voice
To chase afar each anxious fear :
Our hearts, depressed with grief, rejoice ;
We feel, indeed, that “ God is here.”

When, kneeling at the shrine of prayer,
We breathe our vows from hearts sincere,
A sacred calm dispels our care,
Our spirits feel that "God is here."

When called around the bed of death,
To part with friends beloved and dear,
O! as we watch the fleeting breath,
Can we not trust that "God is here?"

We mingle dust with kindred dust:
Devotion checks the starting tear:
Our grief is changed to filial trust:
We feel, indeed, that "God is here."

And when to heaven we wing our flight,
And view our gracious Maker near,
Our souls in realms of endless light,
Shall say with rapture, "God is here."

HOME.

HOME! home! as we kneel at thy time-hallowed shrine,
Our hearts' purest incense for aye shall be thine;
For our early-breathed vows, and our childhood's young
prayer,
And our heart's dearest wishes are all centred there.

A light from that altar around us is shed,
To guide us in safety wherever we tread:
Like the moon's gentle lustre, it beams on the eye,
Shining purest and brightest when danger is nigh.

O! never, till life's golden sunlight shall set,
Can we the loved home of our childhood forget;
But faithful remembrance to rapture shall swell,
As it rests on the spot where our cherished ones dwell.

And thus may the magic which breathes round our home,
Still guide, as mid life's varied pathway we roam;
Till we reach the bright shore where the freed soul may
rest,
The land of the faithful, the home of the blest.

ECHO.

"I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my childhood, where are they?' and echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

THE many voices of the past,
How fall their strains upon the ear?
Come they a spell of grief to cast,
Or with their tones the heart to cheer?
We hear them in the mighty wind,
That roars in mournful cadence round;
And sometimes, too, the heart may find
Breathed on the ear a softer sound.

The voices from our childhood's home,
Oh! are they noiseless all, and still?
Who there in changeless truth still roam?
Who yet their wonted stations fill?
They come amid the shades of night,—
The loved, the cherished "household band,"
And bursting on the mental sight,
In long and hushed array, they stand.

The father's step is moving there;
The mother's look of love is given,
True, true, as when her early prayer
First for her child, was raised to Heaven.
And other forms are gliding by,
Who shared my childhood's hopes and fears.

The sister's smile, the sister's eye,
Unchanged amid the lapse of years.

Brother ! thy well-known form I see ;
I gaze on thine unaltered brow.
Thou ! who wast friend and guide to me,
Would I might share thy guidance now.
There is a gentler one, whose love
Might well have cheered life's trial way.
She comes with eye upraised above,
To point me to a brighter day.

But they are silent all ; — they come
From the far regions of the blest.
Their souls have left the loved home dumb,
And lone and sad this aching breast.
And now has fled that sacred band.
Where now do these blest spirits stray ?
Alone upon the earth I stand,
And echo answers, " Where are they ? "

Where are they ? Does no gentler voice,
Save that of echo, cheer the heart ?
No tone that bids the soul rejoice,
And sad and anxious thoughts depart ?
Hark ! hark ! within the midnight gloom,
When solitude and grief are near, —
Hark ! from beyond the silent tomb,
A voice is breathed upon the ear.

List to the swell of that pure tone.
" Though here thy weary footsteps roam,

Thou art not all unblest, alone,
God soon shall call the wanderer home.
We see the tear, we hear the sigh,
To thee our changeless love is given.
Thy "household band" in faith is nigh,
And thy best land, — thy home — is heaven."

MOUNT VERNON.

NAY, let his dust in peace repose,
His ashes there in silence sleep.
Fond memory there its sunlight throws;
There, unseen forms their vigils keep.

He sleeps in silent glory there.
Man's labor ne'er his rest invades.
No heedless step, no busy care,
Disturbs Mount Vernon's sacred shades.

That spot is consecrated now.
There cease the tones of idle mirth.
Millions in grateful homage bow;
'T is freedom's holiest shrine on earth.

What though no sculptured marble tells
His name, who sleeps the stone below?

The heart of every freeman swells,
The record of his fame to show.

Though in Mount Vernon shall remain,
The form whose spirit rests above ;
Or the proud Capitol contain
The sacred dust of him we love ;—

Let us but keep the blessing pure,
Still free the land he toiled to save ;
Long, long as ages shall endure,
Fame shall illumine his lowly grave.

Nor can a prouder, purer fame
Upon those marble walls e'er rest.
His record is one glorious name :
His monument,—each freeman's breast.
1833.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

"The chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life." YOUNG.

SILENCE is here ;
'That deep, unbroken stillness which pervades
The chamber, hallowed by the Christian's death.
Around that couch, where lies the feeble frame,
Are guardian angels, hovering to catch
His breath, and on their bright and golden wings,
To waft his spirit to its native heaven.
No thought of mortal joys comes in to break
The hushed repose of this most holy hour.
Oh ! can aught bind him to a fleeting world,
Whose hopes are centred on immortal bliss ?

Yet there are ties which link his soul to earth ;
Those sacred sympathies which God has given,
Those sweet affections, binding man to man.
The Christian views those sad and weeping ones ;
To those fond objects of his tender love,
He clings with love's enduring faithfulness.
Can he not break those hallowed ties, and feel
That though the parting hour has come to him,
There is beyond life's transient, varied things,
Rest for the " pure in heart ? "

But now a bright
And glorious vision bursts upon his eye.
Meekly prepared to meet his Master's will,
Whate'er that will may be, his eye upraised
With filial confidence in God's decrees,
He whispers to those dear ones with a voice,
Attuned with heaven's own tones, to heavenly strains.

“ Weep not ! though for a time, the grave may hide
My mouldering form from your embrace, my soul
In everlasting realms shall dwell ; mine eye,
Undimmed by all that now obstructs its sight,
Shall view you, as you struggle on with life,
With all its varied griefs and empty cares,
And when its pangs are o'er, shall welcome you
To an immortal home.”

Life is extinct.
Hear ye no strains of heavenly melody ?
See ye no seraph wings of hovering forms,
With golden harps attuned to blissful strains,
To welcome the redeemed one to his home ?

THE NUN.

“ My father ! canst thou calmly look
On her who once was dear to thee ?
My mother ! can affection brook
This solemn sacrifice to see ?
So young ! But unto God and heaven
Can I too young my spirit give ?
Too early can the vow be given,
For Him, my guardian God, to live ?

Sister ! to thee mine eye would turn,
Thou who hast shared my youthful love.
But wouldst thou not the suppliant spurn ?
I rest my hope, my faith, above.
Wealth ! wealth ! — ah, take the glittering boon ;
With it my blessing and my prayer.
My sorrow too, that thou so soon,
Sister, earth's phantom joys wouldst share.

Yes, take the gift. For thee, I leave
For the cell's gloom, earth's brighter day.
What glorious wreaths the heart may weave !
How soon they wither and decay !
Then bind the pearl around my brow,
And gem my hair with diamonds bright.
Though some my lot may envy now,
A happier one is mine ere night.

And bid them cull the flowers of Spring,
Sweet Nature's fragrant coronet.

Let them the rose and lily bring,
But ere they fade, my sun will set.
Like me those bright hues fade away,
Those glowing tints by nature given.
But not mid darkness and decay,
Fix they as I, their hopes on heaven.

But I have looked beyond the tomb,
With faith to fairer realms on high ;
Have pierced its cold and cheerless gloom,
And raised to God my filial eye.
This gloomy prison cannot be
The dwelling of my freeborn soul ;
And its stern inmates soon may see
My spirit, past their proud control."

Finished ! that victim, peerless, bright,
In robes of sacrifice arrayed,
Mid gems of clear and flashing light,
Stands pure, and fair, and undismayed.
Finished ! The pealing anthem's sound
Reëchoes o'er the fretted dome.
With Spring's sweet flowerets she is crowned,
And welcomed to her future home.

Heaves there from that young heart no sigh,
As o'er her thoughts sweet memories rise ?
What speaks from that uplifted eye,
Communing with yon glorious skies ?
No sigh disturbs that spirit meek,
No cloud is on that holy brow,
No fires of passion flush her cheek ;
But all is calm and quiet now.

Yet in that calm, unclouded gaze,
So pure, so eloquently bright
With faith's undimmed, celestial rays,
There glows devotion's sacred light.
And now the tasseled velvet pall
Enshrouds her young and lovely form.
Ah! what a solemn mockery all,
To chill affections pure and warm.

* * *

Those gems still flash, those flowers are bright;
But she, to whom their hues were given,
Hers was an angel's blissful flight,
Her Father — God; her dwelling — heaven.

THE MINSTREL LOVER.

LIST to that strain. Its echoes float
Sweetly upon the listening ear.
List to that strain. Its low-breathed note
Tells that the minstrel's step is near.

The minstrel! to what fair one's bower,
Comes he his thrilling notes to raise?
Who, at this lone and silent hour,
Will listen to his magic lays?

Yet one there is, whose ear has caught
The faintest murmur of that strain :
One, whose fond, faithful heart has sought
Long for that low-breathed song, in vain.

No slumber may her eyelids close,
Now that she hears the minstrel's song.
Her heart with rapture overflows,
As thoughts most blest its fountains throng.

Softly she seeks the window nigh,
And gazes on the scene around.
With breath suppressed, her anxious eye
Seeks whence proceeds that welcome sound.

And not in vain. The moon's pale light
Shines calmly down on hill and plain ;
And now there meets her gazing sight,
The minstrel of the gentle strain.

Where is the taper's light, which shone
So lately in the lofty tower ?
Its dim and flickering flame is gone,
And dark is now the lady's bower.

Soon to her casement she returns,
To watch in speechless rapture there.
Quickly, love's eagle eye discerns
Whose is that proud and manly air.

The minstrel lover nearer draws :
And now has ceased his gentle strain.

A prelude now ; — now, one short pause,—
And hark ! those thrilling notes again.

Ah ! blessed one, that strain who hears,
As on the air its echoes swell.

For her, no sad, no blighting fears :
Those notes of deep affection tell.

Then, minstrel, pour thy melody,
And raise thy tuneful numbers high.
The shrinking form thou may'st not see ;
But know her faithful heart is nigh.

To-morrow's sun on thee shall shine,
And bless thee with its beaming ray.
Her heart's best tribute shall be thine,
And thine shall be her gentle lay.

THE THORNLESS ROSE.

HANNAH! the flower thy hand bestows,
A treasured gift shall be ;
And may the sweetly perfumed rose
Be a meet type of thee.

Thine, Hannah, was a thornless flower,—
A gift, as sweet as rare.
O! may thy life's untroubled bower
But thornless roses bear.

On that fair brow, so free from gloom,
Untouched by sorrow's blight,
May Innocence unsullied bloom,
In hues of living light.

Let Nature's blush to thy young cheek,
Its radiant tints impart,
And truth's most holy fount bespeak
Deep treasured in thy heart.

Fresh as that leaflet's hue of green,
O! may thy young hopes be ;
Nor cloud obstruct the light serene
Of holy memory.

Like the sweet breathing perfume shed
Around the faded rose,

Virtue, when life's bright hues are fled,
Its fragrant breath bestows.

Thus, Hannah, let thy virtues give
Their fragrance rich and free ;
Thy name a cherished treasure live,
Enshrined in memory.

CELESTIAL VISITANTS.

“ What could be more consoling, than the idea that the souls of those we once loved, were permitted to return and watch over our welfare ? ”

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BLEST thought ! that they, whose love was shed
Around us in life's summer day ;
They whom we call the lost, the dead,
Still linger round our earthly way ;
Still list to catch our varied strain,—
Or swelled with joy, or fraught with pain.

Sweet hope ! that they whose glance has caught
A light from heaven's all-hallowed flame,
May with love's changeless fervor fraught,
Gaze on our pathway, still the same.
Ah ! do they rest in tender truth,
Round the loved objects of their youth ?

We gaze. Upon the filmy air,
Their golden harps we may not see.
We wait to hear their low-breathed prayer,
To catch the undying harmony.
It may not be. We list in vain.
We may not hear that glorious strain.

It cannot be. We may not know,
Thus prisoned by our wall of clay,
What faithful hearts around us glow,
In sun or shade, by night or day.
We may not tell what hand is given,
To guide our onward path to heaven.

Yet were the fancy soothing, sweet,
To think, while here our spirits dwell,
That kindred hearts around us beat,
That kindred songs in chorus swell;
That they, whose eye for us grew bright,
Still shed on us their changeless light.

That angel band! perchance our air
Is fragrant with their balmy breath,
Perchance they kneel with us in prayer,—
The truly “faithful unto death;”
And when life’s golden chain is riven,
Waft us on angel wings to heaven.

The presence of the holy dead,—
Whose eyes have looked on cloudless day,
O! be its gracious influence shed,
To guide us in the narrow way;
That, when the eternal shore is pressed,
Our souls for aye in heaven may rest.

MARY AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

HUMBLY before her Master Mary knelt ;
And as upon her cheek, the teardrop fell,
And bathed those feet so often turned to bless
The faithful soul, relying on his love,
She with her clustering hair the moisture wiped ;
And kissed with the pure lip of holy love,
His feet, in whose blessed presence low she bowed.
Then o'er them with meek care the perfume poured,
More sweet than gales which blow from Eastern shores,
And breathe around the earth their soothing power.

Was there a heart that could behold untouched
The holiest deed that woman e'er performed ?
Never perchance those hands had held the cup
Of charity, to parched and dying lips,
Or bathed the feet of lone and sorrowing care.
That precious work was spurned, scorned by his heart,
Who never knew the blissful tear which flows,
From the blest consciousness of sins forgiven.

But list ! what words fell from the lips of Him,
Who spake as never spake a mortal man ?
Whose ear was opened to the unspoken thought,
Alike as to the uttered song of praise ?
Breathed there resentment from his opening lip ?
Sat there the frown of anger on his brow ?
There nought was seen but sacred sympathy,

The smile of rapture for a soul redeemed
From earthly thoughts, to hopes of heaven.

He spake,
And said to him, whose heart and lip had spurned
The holy deed, which hallows Mary's name ; —
“Thine house I entered ; but thou gavest me
No water for my feet ; but with her tears,
She hath not ceased to wash them, wiping them
E'en with the clustering locks of her bowed head.
Thou gavest me no kiss ; but since I came,
She hath not ceased in deep humility
To kiss my feet. Thou with the fragrant oil,
My head didst not anoint ; but she hath wrought
A holy work on me, anointing me,
Even for my burial hour. Wherefore I say,
Her sins, though many, are forgiven her.
Much hath she loved, and wheresoe'er is preached
In the whole world, the Gospel of my word,
There also this, the work which she has wrought,
Shall be a sweet memorial of her name.”

Gently he turned him to the kneeling form,
And in the tones of mild encouragement,
He spake the words, thrice precious to her ear,
“Thy sins are pardoned ; go in peace. Thy faith,
Humble yet mighty, hath redeemed thy soul.”

THE APPEAL OF RUTH.

"NAY, turn my footsteps not away !
Faithful and fond, with thee I stay.
My heart, — oh ! can it ever be
Divided from thy love and thee ?

Pure as the early beam of light,
Which dissipates the shades of night,
That love shall be the holiest spell,
That ever in my heart can dwell.

That spell forbids me e'er to go
From thee, my dearest one below.
It binds its power around my heart ; —
Gently forbids me to depart.

My sister, — let her footsteps roam
Back to her childhood's cherished home.
But what is childhood's home to me ?
My lost one, there, I may not see.

True to that one, in life so dear,
Here will I dwell thine age to cheer.
Thou wert his mother, true and kind ;
Love's holy chain our hearts shall bind.

My mother ! that endearing name,
A daughter's heart would fondly claim,

The call of filial love obey,
And filial duty gladly pay.

Say, can I leave thine age alone,
Without one joy to call thine own?
No, I will leave thy side no more,
Till my life's pilgrimage is o'er.

And should be hushed thy fleeting breath,
My hands will close thine eyes in death;
And where thy mouldering ashes sleep,
My spirit shall its vigils keep.

Within one grave our forms shall rest
Gently, as on a mother's breast;
Nor fear to tread the narrow way,
Which leads to heaven's unclouded day.

And when before the mercy seat,
Our faithful hearts again shall meet,
The gracious boon shall then be given,
To meet our loved, our lost, in heaven."

Love! love! how deep thy seal is set!
Who can its impress e'er forget?
O! let thine influence ever rest,
Like truth's own signet, on the breast.

THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WEEP, Scotia, weep ! his star is set
Mid the rich tints of glorious fame.
Nor ever can thy sons forget
The peerless glories of his name.

Full many a jewel thou shalt give,
In memory's diadem to shine,
Whose name on history's page shall live,
So loved, so honored, Scott, as thine ?

Nor can the glory of thy name,
Be to thy native land confined.
In every nation, it shall claim
The homage due from mind to mind.

Thy resting place shall Genius seek ;
Thine shall its glowing tribute be ;
While Love in low-breathed tones, shall speak
Its incense to thy memory.

Woman her grateful meed shall bring,
Devotion shed its holiest tear ;
The poet's lay his praises sing,
Whose matchless worth all hearts revere.

It is a guerdon pure and bright,—
The guerdon of immortal fame.
Ah ! who shall say her glorious light
Is but the pageant of a name ?

More ! yes ! far more ! On virtue's shrine
Alone, our hearts their homage lay.
The shrine, the homage, Scott, are thine :
Fame's purest meed to thee we pay.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE ADRIATIC.

At the time when Venice was at the height of her glory, a ceremony was annually performed by the Doge of that Republic, called the *Marriage of the Adriatic*. It was celebrated for many years, but, like the glory of the Republic, it has long since passed away.

MORN, — and the island city lies
Proudly beneath her glorious sky :
Around, her towers in grandeur rise ;
How brightly shines her sun on high !
See, here the conquered banners wave
Above San Marco's ancient walls,
And there the rippling waters lave
Each proud palazzo's regal halls.

And noiseless all. No sound of care
Breaks in upon this soft repose ;
But Nature, calm, and bright, and fair,
Around her robe of silence throws.
Hark ! hark ! a proud, triumphal peal
Is ringing from each lofty tower ;

Calls it proud man in prayer to kneel ?
Is it devotion's sacred hour ?

No, not to prayer. The bugle's note,
The trumpet's thrilling tones are here,
And softer sounds of music float
In gentle murmurs to the ear.
And look, the idle and the gay,
And beauty's form pass lightly by ;
It is their monarch's bridal day ;
Should not the heart with joy beat high ?

O ! many a heart beats gaily here,
Within this favored, sunny clime ;
Nor deems a darker day is near
Proud Venice, in this glorious time.
Noon, — and the sun's meridian rays
Still beam on lofty tower and dome :
Mid gorgeous pomp and jewel's blaze,
The idle throng still gaily roam.

Gaze further. On the glittering stream,
What glorious object meets the view ?
Is it the pageant of a dream,
Illumed by Fancy's magic hue ?
It comes. That train moves slowly on,
Beneath the heaven's refulgent light ;
Never the sun, in splendor shone
Upon a scene more proudly bright.

All silent is the gentle lay ;
The warlike strain is heard no more :

Mid this magnificent array,
Those lofty, thrilling strains are o'er.
Silent as death's calm, noiseless sleep,
Venice, is now thy giddy throng;
Nor would thy children idly weep,
Were those last sounds thy parting song.

Yes, glorious were it now to die,
Free as thy sires thy birthright gave;
And proud, beneath a freeman's sky,
To find a freeman's hallowed grave.
The glittering pledge of faith is given:
The monarch weds the yielding sea;
And loud, beneath the arch of heaven,
Proud bride! arise those shouts for thee.

That bridal pageant was the last,
That ever here thy eye beheld;
Those varied strains for aye have passed,
That richly on the soft air swelled.
Venice, thy palmy days are o'er.
What art thou, City of the Isles?
Upon this festal pomp, no more
The sun in pride and glory smiles.

Yet, beautiful in ruins stand,
To mark thy former glorious hour,
And, sadly, to each listening land,
Thy lesson teach of truth and power.
And may our nation learn from thee
What gives alone immortal fame;
Our strength alone in virtue be,
Our pride alone, — a freeman's name.

"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

O! 'T is a charmed sleep!
Come ye upon the holy ground with fear,
And with low breath and silent lip draw near:
Break not that rest so deep.
No earthly touch hath set its signet there,
Or wrought a work so beautiful and fair.

Look ye on that pale brow,
That eyelid, closed as in its infant rest,
When hushed to slumber on its mother's breast;
See the calm beauty now,
Which on that chiseled lip the eye may view, —
The cheek which wears the lily's sinless hue.

That form, O! it might well
Be the pure temple of a soul divine,
And hold, for stainless gifts, a spirit-shrine,
Whence notes of love might swell,
Like incense sweet, where guilt is all unknown,
And grateful rise to the Eternal's throne.

It cannot, may not be —
The spirit even from that pure shrine ascends,
And with the angelic choir its incense blends.
Eternal One, to Thee
Can more accepted notes than theirs be given,
Whom he, Thy Son, declared to be of heaven?

It shall be well with those
Whom he, on earth, in word and spirit blessed —
Those of the world, the brightest and the best :

Calmly their souls repose, —
Repose with him, whose voice the promise gave,
Whose death the pledge of life beyond the grave.

We know with her 't is well,
Called, in her sinless years, to join the band,
Who, 'mid his glory, with their Saviour stand,
Ere the unsullied swell
Of life's young fount a dark'ning stain can know,
Or the glad heart be touched with earthly wo.

Let not the spirit weep —
Would we recall her from the immortal sphere,
Though the pure ransom were a parent's tear ?

God shall the treasure keep
Unstained, unsullied, as a gem of light,
To beam forever in His heavenly sight.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-
NINTH PSALM.

O THOU Eternal Source of every good !
Whose eye surveys creation's utmost bound,
Whose piercing glance my secret soul can read,
And mark the errors that are lurking there,
How shall I seek Thy face, how raise to Thee
The imperfect thoughts by worldly care debased ?
How purify those thoughts, and make them meet
With Thee, Supreme Perfection, to commune ?
Nothing is from Thy searching glances hid ;
And ere my thoughts are known unto myself,
Thou, God, canst understand each secret wish,
Each aspiration for eternal truth,
Each groveling hope to earthly things confined.

How can imperfect mortals comprehend
Eternal Wisdom ? How can sinful man
Aspire to hold communion with the God
Most Mighty and Most Good ? Vainly our minds
Desire to penetrate Thy Wisdom's spring,
Hidden from mortal eye, but clear and bright
To Him who first created earth and heaven.
Our minds, though heaven-illumined, cannot grasp
Such knowledge. I would flee thy presence dread,
And seek a spot to Thy pure gaze unknown.

I may not enter heaven ; for there thy glance
Would overwhelm my spirit. Could I bear

That eye, whose light would pierce my inmost soul ?
And should I make my bed where spirits dark
Dwell in the silence of the under world,
There, too, Thine eye would see my face, and there
The glance of Thy displeasure would upbraid
The heartless, cold ingratitude of one
Who gave Thee not devotion's fervent prayer,
Rich incense rising from a grateful heart, —
A heart which glowed with an immortal flame,
A temple meet for Thee.

Or should I seek,
Upon the wings of morn, the ocean depths,
Behold, Thy piercing glance looks there, — a glance
Undimmed by the destructive flight of time :
Thy hand would guide me through its mazy depths.
Should I desire the shielding veil of night,
Thine eye could penetrate its shadowy folds.
All, all is clear to Thee. Is not the night
The same as day to thy unclouded eye ?

Let me not flee thy presence. Let me seek
Nearer and dearer intercourse with Him
Whose word created me. Great are Thy works,
And in the fulness of Thy boundless power,
Thou raisedst me from dust. — Upon my soul
Thine own immortal image didst Thou stamp,
And give me power to fit that soul to dwell
Forever in Thy sight.

Precious to me, O God !
The gracious promises Thy word reveals ;
Precious the hope of everlasting life,

A vast eternity passed near to Thee.
There shall no clouds of sin my sight obstruct,
Nor mist of error veil thy face from me :
There shall I see that face, there taste the bliss,
The joys of heaven. Father ! enthroned on high !
O ! search my heart. Hush each unholy thought.
Quell the fierce storm of anger. Make my soul
Humble and grateful to its Gracious Source.
Fill it with holy hope and perfect faith —
In Thy decrees. Let no repining thought
Escape the lips enkindled at Thy shrine,
With the pure flame of love. Let perfect love,
Greater than hope or faith, my bosom fill, —
Love for the human race.

And O ! when death
Shall set his icy seal upon my brow,
And earth, with all its scenes, fades from my view,
Grant me Thy changeless light, the light of truth,
That points my soul to realms of endless day.
There shall that soul, from earthly care set free,
Breathe forth to Thee its speechless gratitude.

UNIVERSAL ADORATION.

As up to heaven our eyes we raise,
And on its shining wonders gaze,
Each kindling page of starry light,
Bears record of Thy boundless might.

We look upon Thy footstool, earth,
Radiant as at creation's birth.
Our Maker's impress there we see ;
Its ceaseless homage swells to Thee.

The ocean's solemn, mighty roar
Calls man its Author to adore ;
And while its grandeur meets the eye,
To seek Thy gracious throne on high.

The voice of Spring, the Autumn's glow,
The Summer's sun, the Winter's snow,
Have each a pure and thrilling tone,
To call our thoughts to Thee alone.

And though to man it be not given
To scan " the mysteries of Heaven,"
Still we Thy favor may implore,
Our hearts may bless, our souls adore.

GOD NIGH TO THE PENITENT.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." *Psalm xxxiv. 18.*

NIGH, in that hour of secret grief,
When anguish bows the head,
To whisper pardon and relief,
And healing oil to shed.

Nigh in the covenant of his love,
Traced on the sacred page,
Which points us to our home above, —
Our heavenly heritage.

A broken heart ! — its low-breathed sighs,
Its scarcely uttered prayer,
Shall to a Father's ear arise,
And meet with mercy there.

And though full oft our wandering feet
Guilt's thorn-strowed path have trod,
Jesus the contrite heart shall meet,
And turn it to its God.

New glory from His throne of light
Shall beam its cheering ray ;
For oft the deepest shade of night
Heralds the brightest day.)

TO THE DEPARTED.

WHAT is there that should terrify the sight,
In gazing on thy calm, untroubled sleep ;
To shed around our hearts a cheerless blight,
Or cause the eye these burning tears to weep ?

Nought is there written on that tranquil brow,
Or on that fast-closed lip, of earthly pain.
They speak earth's sharpest conflict over now ;
Thy heart shall know nor care nor grief again.

Yet while we gaze upon thy sleeping dust,
And mark thy rest so peaceful and so sweet,
Our anxious fears are changed to holy trust ;
Our chastened hearts with holy transport beat.

Thy body sleeps in death ; but the pure heart,
Which shed o'er that loved form its living light,
That which alone can breathing grace impart,
Has winged beyond the spheres its blissful flight.

Then will we yield thee to the sheltering tomb,
And wait its rising on that glorious morn,
When, bursting forth in renovated bloom,
In realms of endless light it shall be born.

FOR "AULD LANG SYNE."

FOR Auld Lang Syne ! What magic spell
Sheds o'er those words such sacred power ?
Of past and cherished joys to tell,
To speak of many a vanished hour ?

That pure and magic spell I greet :
My spirit turns to Auld Lang Syne ;
For heart with kindred heart can meet,
And lay its gift on memory's shrine.

Is it not joyous to recall
The bliss which childhood only knows ?
When life is light and sunshine all,
Nor Time has stained life's thornless rose ?

For Auld Lang Syne ! Thy cherished place
Is void amid thy father's home.
No longer there thy form we trace,
No longer there thy footsteps roam.

The stranger's soil thy steps have pressed,
And stranger hearts around thee glow.
Thyself, — how cherished and how blest,
The " Love left drooping here " may know.

Long in the heart thy form shall dwell,
Thine image, fond affection share ;
And each succeeding day shall tell
That thou art still remembered there.

Remembered in the low-breathed sigh,
And in the secret prayer of love ;
Remembered in the kindling eye,
That turns for thee to God above.

“LIFE HAS NO CHARM FOR ME.”

HAS life no charm for thee ?
Are there no visions of the joyous past,
Like holy spells around thy pathway cast ?
Canst thou no blessings see,
To cheer thee in thy loneliness of heart,
And to thy soul their gracious aid impart ?

O ! art thou all unblest ?
Come there no glorious hopes thy heart to cheer ?
Is there no hand to wipe the starting tear ?
No thought of that calm rest,
Which the meek child of God alone may share,
Where comes no withering grief, no anxious care ?

Where is the soul's deep love,
Resting on God in pure, unchanging trust ?
Where is that faith which, from the earth and dust,
Can point the eye above,
To purer, nobler mansions in the sky,
Where its freed energies can never die ?

O! let thy soul rejoice :
Life has a charm, though dark to thee it seem.
What though may blighted be thy heart's bright dream ?
There is a gentle voice,
Bidding thy heart, amid this deep despair,
On God repose the burden of its care.

And death shall bring no gloom :
It is the pathway which thy soul must tread,
As to thy Father's mansions thou art led.
Beyond the silent tomb,
When to that heaven thy spirit wings its flight,
Thy God shall be thine Everlasting Light.

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD."

On yonder shining vault above,
Where gems of beauty meet the sight,
Are written glory, power, and love,
In characters of living light.

The sun reveals his power by day :
The moon lights up the midnight skies ;
And countless glittering stars display
His wonders to our gazing eyes.

Heaven's lovely bow its arch expands,
The pledge by God to mortals given :
The glorious wonders of His hands
Illume the glowing page of heaven.

By day is heard a thrilling voice,
Proclaiming loud His guardian love :
By night those kindling orbs rejoice,
Amid their silent march above.

And though upon the careless ear
No accents fall of prayer and praise,
The listening child of God may hear
Those hymning spheres their tribute raise.

THE FADED FLOWER.

I GAZED at morn. The tender flower
Bloomed brightly at that early hour ;
And fair in nature's radiant bloom,
Wafted around its rich perfume.

I gazed when day's soft light had fled ;
Decay and death their blight had shed :
The wind's rude blast had o'er it swept ;
Nature her dewy tear-drops wept.

Life has such flowers, the fair, the bright,
All glowing with their tints of light :
To-day, they greet the gazer's eye,
To-morrow, drooping, dead, they lie.

Hope, like some flower of sunny hue,
Blooms but to fade in sadness too :
Fair as the light of heaven its beam, —
Then fled as morning's vanished dream.

Yet shall life's faded flowers assume
Fragrance more rich, and fairer bloom,
And in the diadem divine
As gems of priceless splendor shine.

“JE NE CHANGE QU'EN MOURANT.”

CHANGE but in death ? Ah, who shall say,
As each sweet hope of love departs,
That death can ever steal away
Our memory from their severed hearts ?

Does it not rather set the seal
Of changeless truth upon their love,
And to our loneliness reveal
A sweeter fellowship above ?

Change but in death ? More precious far
They whom it severs from *our* eye ;
As the pure beaming of the star,
Burns brightest in the midnight sky.

The holiest might of love is given,
Where death has hushed life's broken strings,
And memory o'er the faithful dead,
The light of perfect beauty flings.

Change but in death ? It cannot be :
Death cannot dim truth's heavenly ray.
One star of promise we can see,
A prelude of the perfect day.

It cannot be. Too deeply flows,
Though silent, love's unsullied stream.
Hope o'er its tide her radiance throws,
And Faith sheds forth her holier beam.

COMMUNION HYMN.

THE hallowed morn returns again,
Faith's gazing eye to greet.
O ! let not sin our spirits stain,
As round the board we meet ; —
But may our hearts, from earth set free,
Aspire, Eternal One ! to Thee.

God ! let us bow in fervent prayer,
Around Thy sacred throne ;
And as we cast on thee our care,
Worship thy name alone.
And let remembered love impart
A glow of heaven to every heart.

Here may we gather strength and might,
Life's trial way to tread ;
And may Thy Spirit's guiding light, —
Faith's beaming ray be shed :
So may the holier path be pressed,
Which leads to Thee, and heaven's sweet rest.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

FAREWELL ! sweet friend, farewell !
Thine eye hath lost its light since last we met,
And on thy brow death's icy seal is set.
Our mingling voices swell
A mournful requiem o'er thy early tomb,
Thou called to share its deep, unbroken gloom.

Yes ! it is well to weep.
The lost ! the lovely, — claims not she a tear,
Whose smile was sunshine while it lingered here ?
Above thy dreamless sleep
Shall not the heart its gushing fountains shed,
Thou summoned hence, death's silent way to tread ?

But not in fear, unblest,
Through its dark chambers didst thou take thy way :
God's gracious presence was the beaming ray
That led thee to thy rest.
One glorious guerdon fixed thy fearless eye,
The Christian's rest beyond the o'er-arching sky.

Shall we bewail thy doom ?
We the lone wanderers on time's wave-washed strand,
And thou, blest dweller mid the promised land ?
Ours is the lot of gloom :
O'er us thy tears of pity should be shed,
If they can weep the heavenly shores who tread.

O ! let our souls rejoice,
That thou hast joined that rich, harmonious strain,
Where perfect love and fadeless beauty reign.

It was a Father's voice
Which called thee hence, beneath his smile to dwell ;
In heaven, thy strain of holy joy to swell.

Great Source of Faith and Love !
O ! may we bow submissive to Thy will :
May each repining, murmuring thought be still.
To Thy blest seat above,
When we death's yet untrodden path shall tread,
Thither, O may our wandering steps be led.

THE SOWER AND HIS SEED.

WE met, a small and feeble band,
Around God's holy throne to stand ;
The prayer of humble faith to raise,
And swell the choral hymn of praise.

Our strength was weak. But He whose ear
His children's humblest prayer will hear,
Was in our midst, a shining Light,
Our Sun by day, our Shield at night.

What though no ear could catch the song,
Breathed by the spotless herald-throng ?
What though no tone in thunder spoke,
Or forth no visioned glories broke ?

The "still, small voice" of holy love,
The Faith, which lifts the soul above,
The hope that checks each rising fear,
Proclaimed His gracious presence near.

There were the precious seed-drops given,
To root, to bud, to bloom for heaven.
There, too, the dewy influence fell,
Life's still, though onward march to tell.

Eternal God ! whose eye can trace
The scattered seed, the dew of grace,
O ! teach our weary, faltering feet,
Unharm'd, life's gathering ills to meet.

And when our steps, though weal or wo
May crown our daily lot below,
Shall cease life's varied path to roam,
O ! lead us to the Christian's home.

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN morn puts on her dewy veil,
And sheds her breath on every gale ;
When all around, below, above,
Is life and gladness, joy and love,
O ! then remember me !

When evening comes, with pensive smile,
Thy weary spirit to beguile ; —
When “Auld Lang Syne” is stealing by,
Waking the not unpleasant sigh,
O ! then remember me !

When mid the gathered shades of night,
Thine eyes, in vain, sweet sleep invite,
And Memory’s ray around the past,
Like some sweet, soothing spell is cast,
O ! then remember me !

When joy its strain of gladness breathes,
And hope sweet flowers of promise wreathes ;
When light and glad thy heart may be,
And thou no gathering cloud canst see,
O ! then remember me !

When grief across thy stricken soul
Its tide of mingled ills may roll ; —
When fading from thy sight away,
Thou seest each cherished hope decay,
O ! then remember me !

In every scene, — or weal, or wo, —
Mid grief's sad tear, or joy's bright glow,
I ask one boon, my path to cheer, —
In joy, thy smile, — in grief, thy tear, —
Sweet friend ! remember me !

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

His lips have breathed the vow.
Thou God of battles, who alone canst bring
Deliverance to thy children, in the hour
Of doubt and terror, here I bend to Thee.
Hear thou my vow. Before Thy throne I swear,
That should the haughty race of Ammon bend,
In homage low, to Thy victorious sway,
The first who cometh forth with song and dance,
To greet my proud return from victory,
Shall be to Thee a holy sacrifice
Of gratitude.

The victory was his ;
And laden with the trophies of his power,
Jephthah returned. Was there no whispering fear
To cloud his brow, to dim his eye with tears
To send to its pure source the eager tide
Which swelled his veins and flushed his cheek with joy ?

But who comes forth to meet him on his way ?
What sounds of joy, what minstrel notes of praise,

To greet the hero from the battle-field ?
It was his only child, — she whose pure smile
First woke him to that gush of ecstasy, —
A father's priceless, unabated love, —
The bright, glad being who, in joy's gay hour,
As in the time of grief, had been with him,
To share his mirth or to assuage his wo.

And shall it be ? Must that young life-tide check
Its healthy gushings from the heart's deep fount ?
Must that fond eye, so brightly turned on him,
That eye which beamed and shone for him alone,
Be closed in death and gloom ; and must those lips
Which smiled upon him in their joyous mirth,
Which breathed devotion's purest offering,
And tuned their minstrelsy in holy songs
Of praise to God, be hushed in the cold tomb,
No more to cheer him with their radiant smile,
Or speak to him of bliss ?

O ! what was life,
What the proud consciousness of victory,
When thoughts of that bright being filled his soul ?
The father's heart grew sick. There was no smile
Upon his lip, to greet his only child :
No voice of welcome issued from his mouth.
His brow was furrowed, and his cheek grew pale,
While the firm pressure of his fast-closed lip
Told but too well the conflict in his soul.

A moment, and his lips broke forth in sounds
Of grief. He clasped her to his breast and said,
“ My child, my only child, how have I loved
To gaze on thee, and think, that when the cares

And ills of life would rudely press on me,
Thou wouldst be near to comfort and sustain.
Ay, thou hast brought me low; for I have sworn, —
That vow, alas ! it cannot be recalled ;
And I must yield thee up to Him to whom
In a rash hour I vowed to offer thee,
A grateful sacrifice.”

The gentle girl bent down.
No prayer for life was on her parted lip :
She knew her hour was come ; she felt that life,
With all its promised blessings, soon would close.
She knew her eye on earth no more would cheer
Her aged father's heart. She asked not life :
But holy gratitude was in her heart,
And the pure fervor of a grateful soul
Glowed on her cheek and kindled in her eye ;
And praise was on her lips, praise to His name
Who had that day the glorious victory given.

She sought a hallowed blessing from her sire.
“ My father ! if thy lip hath sworn to Him
Who hath this day brought victory to thee,
Do unto me according to thy vow.
O ! life is sweet, and the blest consciousness
Of living for my sire, to cheer his heart,
Amid its secret, silent loneliness,
Comes o'er my spirit like the tones which breathed
From a fond mother's love, in childhood's hour.
But I can leave all these ; there is a joy
Which far transcends all earthly bliss, the thought
That I may watch o'er thee in happier realms,
And hover round thy couch of midnight rest.

Deep, wondrous thoughts possess my secret soul, —
Thoughts to which words could give no utterance,
So strange, yet holy, is the strain they breathe.
True as the voice of sacred prophecy,
Comes to my mind, the sweet, assuring thought,
That I but leave my father's fond embrace,
For some bright realm where we may live and love,
When this fair earth shall yield us no abode,
And I may be the unseen messenger
To waft thy soul to that most blessed home.
Calmly I leave thee for a few short years ;
And, O ! it is a soothing thought to me
In my last hour of life, that thou hast gained
O'er our proud foe the glorious victory."

No tear bedimmed the lustre of her eye ;
Her cheek was bright as in its happiest hour.
Her lips were parted in a gentle smile,
That told her willingness to die for him
From whom, at first, she drew the springs of life.

JULY 4, 1838.

A HOLY sight ! for gathered there,
With head bowed low in silent prayer,
That youthful, yet immortal band,
Within their Maker's presence stand.

Called from each scene of week-day joy,
Far holier themes their thoughts employ :
Each tongue the choral anthem swells,
Where God's most holy Spirit dwells.

Grief hath not stained the sunny brow ;
Joy's tearless fount flows brightly now :
Their budding hopes have known no blight,
And life still wears its hues of light.

Jesus ! the Life, the Truth, the Way !
Whose words conduct to endless day,
Shepherd ! whose flock is still thy care,
Let those young lambs thy blessing share.

And when life's summer day shall close,
And weary nature seeks repose,
To thy blest fold their footsteps bring :
Lead them where living waters spring.

MIDNIGHT.

MIDNIGHT, — and nature round was hushed
In deep and dreamy slumber : not a sound,
Wherewith by day earth's busy multitudes
Are wont to break her sweet repose, came o'er
The ear, to tell of earthly care and strife.
The bird's sweet silvery voice had ceased its strain ;
And man, whose bustling cares are most at war
With Nature, in the deep tranquillity
With which she works her great and glorious deeds,
Kept silence too, in this her Sabbath hour
Of rest and deep devotion.

Night ! thou great
And ministering spirit to the soul
Of man, breathing of truth, and heaven, and God !
How dost thou lift the heart above the cares
And groveling thoughts of earth, its trivial things,
And link us to the Majesty above.
Above ? O ! everywhere, around, beneath,
Within, amid the kindling light of day,
The hushed repose of midnight, in the storm
And crash of elements, no less than in
The gentle breeze, that scarcely stirs the young
And dew-gemmed blossoms of the leafy May.
There is a beauty in the noontide blaze ;
But dearer far those starry crowns on high,
That shine all gloriously upon the brow of night.

By day, amid the thronging cares of life,
We can forget the dignity of him
Whose nature links him to the myriad hosts,
That dwell amid the uncreated beams
Of heaven's effulgent day. We can forget
How we have turned us from the sacred Fount
Of truth and wisdom infinite. But when
Its star-gemmed mantle, darkness casts around,
O! who can gaze upon the countless realms
That stud the azure canopy above,
Nor feel his littleness, the vanity
Of earth and all its joys, the priceless wealth
Of heaven, and all his own immortal hopes?
Who does not yearn to soar to that abode,
Promised a sure and holy heritage,
To those who follow His supreme command,
Whose will created man for bliss and heaven?

Thou sacred Fount of purity and love!
Whose guiding hand my feeble steps upholds,
O! give me strength that narrow way to tread,
Which leads me through the mazy path of earth
To heaven.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! a spell of magic power
Is lingering round this parting hour;
And deep within my spirit swell
Feelings which words in vain would tell.

Farewell! as strangers meet we met;
But now a holier seal is set:
As friends we breathe the parting strain,
Trusting in love to meet again.

Farewell! thine eye with joy is bright;
Few be the clouds that dim its light.
Thy heart, — a stranger may not know
Its secret bliss, its secret wo.

Farewell! yet on that sweetest shrine
Love still would lay its gift divine;
And holy truth the offering seek,
Which words alone can ne'er reveal.

Farewell! the choicest gifts of Heaven,
To cheer thy onward path be given:
Thy life be blest with friends sincere,
The many kind, the few most dear.

SPES MEA IN DEO.

A TENDER flower upon its stem,
 Bloomed beautiful and bright, —
Jeweled with many a dewy gem,
 In morning's early light.

The sunbeams on its petals smiled,
 And hues of beauty shed:
All fragrant and all undefiled,
 It reared its graceful head.

How dear that sweetly opening flower,
 To each fond gazer's eye ;
Expanding with each golden hour,
 Beneath love's sunny sky !

How sweet to mark, from day to day,
 Its budding beauties bloom ;
To watch each rainbow-tinted ray,
 And scent its rich perfume.

* * *

The floweret faded, withered, fell :
 Its hues no more we trace.
Its ashes, — love's dimmed eye can tell
 Their hallowed resting-place.

Yet *hope in God* ! His guardian hand,
 In deepest darkness nigh,
Shall bid its richer hues expand,
 Beneath heaven's cloudless sky.

Safe from the blighting hand of Time,
From sin's rude touch secure,
It blooms in that most holy clime, —
The fadeless and the pure.

THE LAST WORDS OF THE SON OF NAPOLEON
BONAPARTE.

“ A vingt et un ans mourir sans gloire, quand l'épée que je tiens
fait l'Europe trembler.”

To die ? What strangely awful spell
Those low-breathed accents shed,
Of early blighted hopes to tell,
Of dreams forever fled !
Too early am I called to go
From earth's bright things away,
Ere Glory yet my soul may know,
Or mid Fame's laurels stray.

Ay, I have lived : but none may yield
The victor's triumph praise :
No conquering hosts on battle-field
Their glorious song may raise.
Napoleon's son ! Earth's glittering things
To me were all in vain :
Where is the voice, whose homage brings
One proud, triumphant strain ?

My father's sword ! I know it well ;
It is my proudest dower :
Let Europe's trembling millions tell
What was its magic power.
It led him nobly on to Fame ;
It won him bright renown ;
It brought proud incense to his name, —
A monarch's jeweled crown.

Hark ! hark ! is not that lofty note
My requiem-strain to be ?
Upon the air its echoes float ;
My father's hand I see.
Faint — fainter grows my breath : my frame
In death must slumber soon.
Let me but share my father's fame ;
I ask no prouder boon.

IMMORTALITY.

THE soul will never die.
The gorgeous tints of earth will fade away,
And night's dark clouds obscure the brightest day ;
But in the realms on high,
Where never comes decay, or death, or gloom,
The soul in everlasting light shall bloom.

O ! glorious destiny !
What shall restrain the spirit's upward flight,
When heaven's pure rays burst on the ravished sight ?
Father in heaven ! to Thee,
For this blest hope the heart would humbly raise
Its grateful offering of prayer and praise.

O ! let the spirit raise
Its faith, its love, to that celestial clime,
And bless its glorious King in strains sublime.
Him glowing seraphs praise ;
And what more nobly can the tongue employ,
Than strains to Him whose smile is perfect joy ?

Then raise the thoughts to Him,
Ere age its chilling influence impart ;
Let the pure fervor of the grateful heart,
Ere the bright eye be dim,
Ere yet the lip by death shall be subdued,
Arise to Him in love and gratitude.

"THY MEMORY WE WILL KEEP."

YES ! we will keep thy memory bright,
 A sweet and stainless gift, —
 A spell from sorrow's clouds of night,
 Our yearning hearts to lift.

Thine was a name o'er which to shed
 Our sweetest meed of love.
 Too early wast thou called to tread
 Thy radiant path above ?

Too early ? No. The wish were vain
 By earthly anguish given,
 To call thy spirit back again,
 From God, and bliss, and heaven.

For thou hast plumed thy golden wing,
 And sped thy glorious flight,
 To stoop thee only at the spring
 Of endless life and light.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

O! LIFE has many a joyous hour,
And many a fragrant, sunny bower :
Life has its joys to memory given,
To whisper to the heart of heaven.

I look upon thy happy face,
And see of care no gloomy trace :
I gaze upon that child-like brow,
So calmly bright, so joyous now.

I would not pray that beauty's spell
Forever on that brow may dwell ;
For beauty may not soothe to rest
The secret anguish of the breast.

I would not pray that thou shouldst be
From every care and sorrow free ;
That stern misfortune ne'er may shed
Its influence o'er that fair young head.

Beauty and grace alone are vain :
They plant a thorn, they leave a stain.
There is a purer, holier gift,
The heart above earth's cares to lift.

And be that gracious blessing thine,
To lay upon thy young heart's shrine ;
Dispel each dark, repining care,
And make all bright and joyous there.

ASPIRATION.

AUTHOR of all my blessings here !
Whose word can stay the bitter tear ;
Source of my life ! my Strength ! my All !
On thy dread name my voice would call.

Endued with virtue's high desires,
The deathless soul to heaven aspires :
Above the scenes of earth it soars,
And there its glorious King adores.

O ! let not sin my spirit stain ;
Let me not read Thy word in vain :
Let me from error's touch be free ;
And fix my steadfast heart on Thee.

Earth ! with thy glittering dust, away !
Not for thy dazzling gifts I pray :
But may the gem alone be given,
Whose brightness lights my path to heaven.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

The little incident, which forms the subject of the following lines, is full of touching beauty and interest. When all other expedients, which love could suggest, had failed to pacify the moanings of an infant's grief, the melody of a musical box, by some sweet magic, soothed its sorrow, and soon lulled it into the placid and beautiful slumber of infancy.

THOUGH but a simple lure we used, when all save that
had failed,

Yet that to soothe thy infant grief, by some sweet spell,
availed ;

And as its gentle cadence seemed to fall upon thy ear,
It sweetly checked the rising sob, — turned back the
starting tear.

When first that low-breathed melody so gently o'er thee
broke,

What thoughts within thy heart's deep cells in silent
beauty woke ?

What vision beamed across thy soul, as on thine ear it
fell,

That thus thy voice, so sad, yet dear, a sweeter strain
could swell ?

Say, didst thou deem that soothing lay thy mother's voice
to be,

That thus its tones had power to wake so sweet a joy in
thee ?

Or seemed it to thine infant ear a gracious prelude
 given,
To teach thy sinless soul on earth, the strains which swell
 in heaven?

She, whom the earliest day-beam finds a lingerer o'er
 thy rest, —
She who so oft, at day's soft close, thy gentle sleep hath
 blest; —
Hers is the ceaseless flow of love, so tender and so
 deep,
That as a gem in memory's crown, thine after years
 should keep.

A mother's love! when ever failed that fount of ten-
 derness?
Or when refused a mother's heart to love, to soothe, to
 bless?
Time cannot break the golden chain which links that
 heart to thee:
It asks to swell its yearning depths one boon, — Eter-
 nity.

Thou blessed one! thy favored race a transcript meet,
 was given
To image forth the purity of those whose home is
 heaven.
In youth or age, O! may thy feet the holy pathway
 tread,
Which leads thee to his arms, whose lips the gracious
 blessing shed.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

THE golden light of day was o'er ;
The sun had left the glorious west :
The bird's sweet notes were heard no more ;
Nature around was all at rest.
That rest was well. To ancient Greece,
The morrow was a fearful day.
It brought her high-souled sons release,
Or bowed them to a tyrant's sway.

Yet in that proud and storied land,
All might not share calm Nature's sleep.
There stood a firm, devoted band,
Faithful their sacred watch to keep.
They stood upon that battle eve,
Resolved, with purpose firm and high,
A Spartan's heritage to leave, —
To conquer, or unsullied die.

Amid that stern debate he rose,
His will to speak, that kingly soul.
No fear his purpose might oppose ;
No selfish thoughts his mind control.
Leonidas ! thy name we trace
Bright upon Sparta's deathless page ;
The glory of thy glorious race,
Bravest mid that heroic age.

He rose, his soul unnerved by fear,
Foremost in that most princely band.

“ O! can I count my life-blood dear,
When shed for thee, my native land ?
True to the land where calmly sleep
The ashes of our warrior sires ;
True to the Gods who watch to keep
Still glowing Freedom’s sacred fires ; —

Fearless within the battle’s strife,
To front the Persian’s ranks I go.
I freely offer hand and life,
Nor fear to meet our haughty foe.
Shall Sparta’s children ever flee,
Though ranks of foemen cross their path ?
My mother ! I have learned from thee,
Nobly to face their direst wrath.

Have ye forgot the words she spoke,
Who taught “ to conquer or to die ? ”
Who first proud freedom’s impulse woke,
And nerved the soul to daring high ?
“ Bring back thy shield, or, as a bier,
Let it unsullied bear thee home :
Thou may’st not shed the coward tear,
Nor she who here alone shall roam.

“ One wall alone the foe may scale, —
The dead of Sparta, nobly slain.
Though millions may that pass assail,
No fear shall e’er our spirits stain.
Then, brethren, follow to the field ;
Conquer, or nobly, proudly die.
In death alone your birthright yield,
In glory breathe your parting sigh.”

Finished ! where fell that martyr band ?
Where slept that leader with his dead ?
To save that proud and storied land,
Brave blood by Sparta there was shed.
Leonidas ! thy glorious place
Is 'mid thy country's purest fame.
Nor ruthless time can e'er efface
The memory of thy matchless name.

PARAPHRASE OF THE TWELFTH CHAPTER OF
ECCLESIASTES.

In the pure freshness of thine opening spring,
Ere yet the dark days hang around thy way,
Or the soul turns with loathing from the scenes
Which once were joyous to its ardent gaze,
O ! in thy tender years, "remember God."

To thee the hour will come when earth, though robed
Still in its primal blessedness and light,
Shall be a darksome blank to thee ; the sun,
Dispensing light, and life, and joy around,
Shall bring no light to thee, no life, no joy.
The stars shall keep their pathway bright on high,
Unchanged, unchangeable, until His word,
Who woke from night their glowing radiance,

Dissolves the elements with fervent heat,
And casts them as a scroll beneath Him. Then,
When they who guard the house shall quit their trust,
And the strong men and brave shall bow themselves,
When the bright eye is dimmed and closed in death,
Earth then can give no pride, no loveliness.

Music shall fail to touch the springs of joy,
And gloomy fears shall gather thick around.
That which thou once didst pass unnoticed by,
When life's bright path was strewed with living flowers,
Shall be a burden to thy aching frame.
When o'er thy heart shall come no fond desire
For future wealth or fame, no cherished hope,
To guide thee as a beacon star through life ;
When life's bright cord is loosened, and the soul
Pants for communion with its God and heaven,
Man shall return to his long, silent home ;
The mourner, sorrowing, tread his wonted way.
The dust shall mingle with its kindred dust,
Shall be a tenant of the silent tomb,
Where all shall shortly lay their weary frames.

But rouse, my soul ! what blissful flight is thine ?
Say, can the grave retain thee in its gloom ?
No, like the eagle's shall thy pathway be,
Where eye hath never reached its piercing gaze,
Where stars shine bright beneath the eye of God :
Not like the orbs which meet our mortal sight,
But crowns of glory for the immortal soul.

Father of light and life ! shall erring man,
Who, though allied to dull mortality,

Bears yet with him a glorious type of Thee,
Shall he arise to meet Thy cheering eye,
To share this glorious destiny of soul?
It is Thy free, Thy gracious gift to man,
This heaven, this blissful immortality.
Let earth be all unheeded by our ears;
But let our grateful souls arise to Thee,
Bend at Thy throne in humble love and praise,
Be circled by the crown of fadeless gems,
Promised by thee but to the "pure in heart."

"WHERE THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS, THERE IS
LIBERTY."

SPIRIT of Beauty! on whose brow such placid light we see,
Where is thy temple unprofaned, immortal Liberty?
Whose columns, towering to the skies, give back their
cloudless ray, —
An image beautiful, though faint, of heaven's celestial
day.

Where'er the Spirit of the Lord its radiant gifts hath shed,
In stately grandeur, strength, and grace, there do thy
footsteps tread.
There dost thou consecrate thy shrine, there rear thy
lofty dome,
Whither thy wandering ones may turn, as to a long-
sought home.

Where'er in Nature's wide domain one step her soil may
press,

A soul unawed for truth to plead, the injured to redress,
Him dost Thou own thy worshiper, he waits before thy
shrine;

On him the Spirit of the Lord sheds down its light divine.

Thee we invoke, thou Power Supreme! the God of
liberty!

Strength of the weak, in doubt our Guide, Great Father
of the free!

On this most hallowed day we bend in worship at Thy
throne, —

A nation suppliant at Thy feet, their father's God to
own.

For the rich sunlight of our lot our gratitude we
raise,

And for the shadow and the storm, O! be our tribute
praise:

Even as erst through the parted waves that ancient race
was led,

So may our trusting feet, unharmed, the billowy waters
tread.

Though sad the lesson be which Thou, in Thy deep love
hast given,

O! may the might of its dread power peace win for us,
and heaven.

And as in brighter days, our souls were wont to stray
from Thee,

Now may we seek that priceless pearl, Thy favor full
and free.

Thanks to the volume of Thy word, Thy promise does
not fail ;
Summer and winter, day and night, in glad return we
hail ;
And when the world is dark below we raise our glance
above :
The glorious stars rebuke our fears, in tender tones of
love.

If sorrow's hand but lead us back, all penitent to Thee,
Our lips shall meekly kiss the rod, and own the just de-
cree.
Then let Thy Spirit with our souls its purposes fulfil :
We cannot fear ; — our Father's love hath whispered
“ Peace, be still.”

July 4, 1837.

IN HEAVEN THE "WEARY ARE AT REST."

REST thee ! thou blessed one !
Thy day of trial and of grief is o'er,
Thy spirit now is chained to earth no more,
Thy journey here is done ;
And the blest meed to purity is given, —
A full, a perfect, glorious rest in heaven.

Short was thy sojourn here ;
Yet gentle hands beguiled it of its gloom,
And strewed with flowers thy pathway to the tomb.

There was the smile to cheer ;
The eye to beam with fond affection's ray ;
The aching heart to bid thee longer stay.

And He, thy God, was there ;
His glorious presence filled thy trusting heart,
His gracious smile and favor to impart.

Thou hadst no gloomy care
When He, thy Father and thy Friend, was nigh,
To cheer thy heart and still each anxious sigh.

Mourn we thy spirit's flight
To realms of pure, undying bliss above,
Where thou may'st share thy Father's perfect love,
The fount of life and light ?
Never shall sorrow in those realms intrude,
To interrupt thy soul's deep gratitude.

Earth had no home for thee ;
Thy spirit was too pure to linger here, —
It sought its rest within a nobler sphere : —
O glorious destiny !
Thy feet have trodden an immortal shore,
And earth to thy freed soul is now no more.

But we must longer stay ;
Yet oft the eye thy early doom shall weep,
Oft shall we wander where thy ashes sleep,
Till at the final day
Our spirits at the throne of God shall meet,
And cast their sorrows at his mercy's seat.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL. 1837.

FATHER ! when gathered round Thy throne,
Thy name to bless, Thy love to own,
Deign with our contrite souls to meet,
Thus suppliant at Thy mercy seat.

Thanks for the Gospel of our Lord :
What strength divine its words afford !
Peace when the angry storm-clouds lower,
And sweeter joy in hope's bright hour.

Bless, Father ! bless this youthful band,
Who here around Thine altar stand ;
Make each young heart Thy favored shrine,
And touch it with Thy fire divine.

And he, Thy watchman on this tower,
Gird him with grace, and strength, and power ;
His heart sustain, his spirit cheer,
And bless him with Thy presence here.

Guide those who wait with patient love,
To point each infant eye above ;
To them a priceless meed be given, —
Thy peace on earth, Thy smile in heaven.

Press on ! ye heralds of his word !
Follow in faith your risen Lord !
Press on ! untiring, till your eye
Discern the land of promise nigh.

So when our feet its shores shall tread,
By God our Father gently led,
There may we all the chorus raise
Of fervent prayer and grateful praise.

EVENING HYMN.

FATHER ! before I close mine eyes,
To Thee my grateful thoughts would rise ;
For all the mercies of the day,
My heart would now its tribute pay.

Be Thou my theme of daily praise,
Thou great and good in all Thy ways ;
And daily let me seek in prayer,
Thy watchful love, Thy guardian care.

In weakness here I bend to Thee ;
Wilt Thou my strength in weakness be ?
In error here my footsteps roam ;
O ! lead me to my heavenly home.

Thy peace as holy incense shed
O'er my defenceless, sleeping head ;
And through the dangers of the night,
Protect me safe till morning light.

In safety guide my wandering feet,
Till I Thyself in glory meet ;
Then take me to Thy heavenly rest,
To be with Thee forever blest.

There shall no night of error be ;
No sin divide thy smile from me :
But perfect, pure, unchanging day
Beam on the soul its glowing ray.

DEDICATION HYMN.

O THOU, at whose supreme command
This fair creation sprang to light !
We who within Thy presence stand,
Are less than nothing in Thy sight.

Yet shall Thy Spirit, rich and free,
Within this earthly temple dwell :
Here shall our prayers ascend to Thee,
Our praise as breathing incense swell.

To Thee, we rear these sacred walls,
To Thee devote the hallowed shrine.
Here, as Thy mercy's sunlight falls,
O ! be our noblest homage Thine.

Through Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Through Him, Thy holy, harmless Son,
We consecrate these walls to Thee,
Eternal, Uncreated ONE !

Here may the early grace of youth,
The hoary crown of age be given ;
While simple, pure, resistless truth
Descends as sacred dew from heaven.

And when at time's all-ruthless sway,
This earthly temple, Lord, shall fall,
And Thou shalt close life's summer day,
And back the unfettered soul recall, —

To Thine eternal shrine above,
Grant that its golden wing may soar ;
And at the fount of truth and love,
The Eternal Source of light adore.

TO ———

Be life's bright golden pathway thine ;
Thy heart, fair friendship's chosen shrine.
Be joy and love and virtue given,
To guide thine onward path to heaven.
Be thine the beaming light of truth,
To cheer thine age, to guide thy youth.
Its gracious sunlight may it send,
With its Great Source thy heart to blend.

Life has bright scenes for youthful love ;
But rest thine earnest gaze above.
There shall no error dim thy sight,
No sin obstruct the heavenly light.
O ! be no shade of sadness cast
Around the memory of the past ;
The future, — may its pages be
Replete with purest bliss for thee.

And when life's golden bowl shall break,
The harp's sweet chords no music wake ;

When hushed shall be joy's wonted strain,
And darkness o'er thy home shall reign,
O! may the light of love divine,
That burns on heaven's eternal shrine,
Conduct thee, by its quenchless ray,
Where night is merged in endless day.

OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

FATHER, enthroned above !
Whose piercing eye earth's wide expanse surveys,
To Thee the heart its grateful homage pays.

Faith, hope, and holy love,
To rapture high the inmost spirit swell,
As on the blessings of our lot we dwell.

O Thou Eternal Spring
Of every joy frail erring man can know,
Of every hope that lights his path below !

Our feeble praise we bring.
Yet let the imperfect gift accepted be,
As thus with reverence low we bend the knee.

Our Father ! gracious name !
O ! how can earth and dust aspire so high ?
Our Sire the all-pervading Majesty !
Feel we no sacred flame

Of gratitude the kindling soul inspire,
And wake to life love's never-dying fire ?

On Sinai's awful mount,
Mid flame and smoke Thy statutes were revealed.
Thy Son a milder, brighter covenant sealed.

Of that unsullied fount,
Whence living waters pure and priceless flow,
Earth's weary pilgrims e'en can taste below.

Our Father ! Thou whose care,
In sun or shade, is still around our way,
To soothe and bless at morn and close of day,

Thou wilt not spurn our prayer.
O ! wilt thou not Thy breathing influence shed,
While here our weary, wandering footsteps tread ?

O ! may our wishes soar
Far, far above earth's varied care and strife,
To Thee, the Source Supreme of light and life.

So may our souls adore,
As bending low at Thine eternal shrine,
Our hearts, our homage, and our wills are Thine.

PARAPHRASE OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM.

PRAISE waits in Zion, God ! for Thee !
Earth's purest incense shall be Thine !
O Thou, who hearest prayer, would we
In homage bend before Thy shrine.

Blessed is he whose feet may tread
The temple of Thy Holiness.
Thou o'er his heart Thy love wilt shed,
And with Thy grace his soul wilt bless.

Thy mighty word is sent abroad,
To still the raging of the sea.
Thou art the confidence, O Lord !
Of all who humbly trust in Thee.

The morning's fragrance sweetly tells,
In accents soft, that God is love ;
And evening's dewy incense swells,
Richly to Thy pure throne above.

Spring's early gifts thy love proclaim :
Thou in the genial rain art near :
The glowing Summer speaks thy name :
Thy power and goodness crown the year.

Great Source of life ! where'er there dwells
A being formed to praise, to love,
Thy name the ceaseless chorus swells,
Which rises to Thy throne above.

"THEY WHO SEEK ME EARLY, SHALL FIND ME."

Come unto me in life's fair spring,
Ere sorrow on your spirit preys ;
To me your young affections bring,
And give to me your brightest days.

Come unto me, when care and grief
Have touched that pure and happy heart ;
My counsel can afford relief,
My words alone can peace impart.

Come unto me and tread the way,
The only way to mortals given,
That leads to an eternal day,
That brings you to the promised heaven.

Come unto me ; no earthly tongue
Can tell the joys that with me dwell ;
Come, join the strain by seraphs sung,
Who here the song of triumph swell.

Come unto me ; for you that strain
In realms of light to God shall rise,
In joy that freed from sin and pain,
Your spirit enters Paradise.

Come unto me ; for you in heaven
Remains a pure, eternal day : —
The perfect rest to virtue given,
The crown "that fadeth not away."

HYMN.

WE meet, a gathering band,
Within these sacred walls,
Within Thy presence, Lord, to stand,
Where mercy's sunlight falls.
With humble confidence we pray
Thy blessing on our future way.

Here would we bend the knee,
The earnest prayer to raise ;
Here sing, Eternal One, to Thee,
Our song of grateful praise :
Here would we own thy mighty power,
Thy guiding hand in every hour.

Lord, Thou hast been our stay,
Nor e'er withheld Thy care :
Though dangers hovered o'er our way,
Thy arm of might was there.
Thy grace our wandering steps has led,
Thy love its ceaseless blessings shed.

Lord ! to the living spring,
And to the pastures green,
Do Thou our feeble footsteps bring :
Guide us in every scene.
Our Sun by day, our Shield at night,
Protect, illumine by Thy might.

THE APRIL SHOWER.

SEE, how the raindrops, fast and thick, are falling at our
feet,

And clouds of sorrow overcast the brows of all we meet.
They hurry to and fro to seek a friendly shelter nigh ;
As on they haste no gentle shocks salute the passer by.

A fair young bride is drawing nigh, dressed in the purest
white,

Alas ! alas ! her wedding gear is in a hapless plight :
The satin shoes which deck her feet, as on she wends
her way,

Are not so very meet, I ween, to suit an April day.

Here comes a gay and dashing belle ; she shares the
common fate :

Too well her sullied garments speak the horrors of her
state.

She sees no gallant lover now, to soothe her troubles nigh ;
And o'er her brow pass darker clouds, than o'er yon
murky sky.

Look upon yonder ancient maid, with slow and stately air ;
She little thought when out she came, this woful fate to
share.

That dress had not beheld the light of day for many a
year ;

But, as the weather promised well, she doffed her daily
gear.

A mincing dandy next comes on ; but, horrid to relate,
He rears no kind umbrella high, to shield his frizzled pate.
Most sad it is to see him shrink and envy all who pass,
But still more sad to see him raise in vain for aid his
glass.

I joy to see the bright ones run, that maiden haste her pace :
It gives my wicked spirit sport to view that dandy's face.
O ! happy fate ! this rainy day my week-day dress I
wear,

And as I wend my careless way, for storms I little care.

So on I go, nor fear the rain, though thick it falls and fast,
And when my walk is o'er, I reach a cheerful home at
last.

And as before a well-filled grate I sit in warm array,
I must relate, for very sport, the horrors of this day.

(Our life is but one April day ; now sunlight and now
showers :

Alternate smiles and tears are shed upon our swift-winged
hours.

Let us in gratitude receive the beams that gild our skies,
And though their splendor be withdrawn, let silent praise)
arise.

TO THE MEMORY OF FELICIA HEMANS.

THE radiant star is set,
E'en in the golden brightness of its fame !
No cloud to dim the glory of its name.

Nor can the heart forget,
How sweetly has its radiance cheered our way,
Shedding o'er earth the lustre of its ray.

Hushed is the harp's rich note :
The hand that once awoke the soul-fraught strain,
Shall never sweep its broken chords again.

The dying echoes float,
Like twilight music o'er the summer's sea,
Soothing the soul with richest melody.

The Christian's race is o'er.
From grief and sorrow free, her feet have pressed
The pathway "where the weary are at rest."

She treads the blissful shore,
Where joy the strain of holy rapture breathes,
And Love its never-fading chaplet wreathes.

Yes, though the monarch death
May stamp his seal upon the yielding brow,
And bid the form to his stern sceptre bow ; —

And though the fleeting breath,
At his behest, the restless quivering cease,
While the immortal spirit finds release ; —

In the bright courts above,
Where angel harps the ceaseless chorus raise,
The heaven-tuned song shall swell her notes of praise.

Before the throne of love,
Its breathings tuned to heaven's own melody,
Her spirit swells the anthem of the free.

Minstrel ! whose magic sway
Can bid the secret fountains of the heart,
The gushing meed of sympathy impart !
Whose spirit-stirring lay
Can breathe with wizard power the gracious spell,
Of heavenly hopes and holy thoughts to tell ; —

To thee we yield our praise.
The glorious tribute of undying fame
Shall cling around the memory of thy name ;

For Genius ne'er decays ;
But like the immortal spirit, high and free,
A deathless glory is its destiny.

And thus thy name shall dwell,
A hallowed treasure, purified and bright,
To shed around our path its holy light ;
And future years shall tell
With what deep love thy cherished name we keep,
Thou ! locked in death's unawakening, icy sleep !

To thy last resting-place,
In grief's hushed stillness o'er thy sleep to bend,
Shall Genius come, with Love its tears to blend.

There, too, the eye may trace

Devotion's sacred form and heaven-raised eye,
Communing with the soul that rests on high.

Farewell ! again farewell !
The voice we loved so well in death is hushed,
The fountain's last sweet flow of song has gushed :
Yet shall thy memory dwell,
Enshrined within the hearts that fount has blessed,
Till we shall share thy blissful, glorious rest.

EARLY PIETY.

WHEN life before your path is bright,
And fancy sheds its golden light,
And you the dawning future deem
As radiant as your own bright dream,
Ere yet its after path be trod,
“Remember your Creator, God !”

Forget not him whose ceaseless flow
Of goodness crowns your lot below,
Whose hand your pathway strews with flowers,
And o'er your head his mercies showers.
O ! 'mid the blessings of your lot,
Be not the gracious Source forgot.

What though the light of joy shall fade ?
Let not your spirit be dismayed.
Let sorrow's gushing tear be dry,
Checked be the murmur and the sigh.
Bow in submission to the rod, —
“ Remember your Creator, God ! ”

To Him the early dawn be given,
The noon-tide blaze, the dew of even :
Be His the uttered song of praise,
And His the silent prayer you raise.
In life or death, in grief or joy,
Let Him your grateful thoughts employ.

And when life's golden bowl shall break,
The harp's sweet chords no music wake ;
When hushed the quivering breath shall be,
And darkness makes its home with thee ;
When here no more your form we trace,
But sigh to meet your vacant place ; —

Before the eternal throne above,
The sacred fount of joy and love,
Your heart shall share the sweet repose,
Which from God's sacred presence flows.
His smile the favor shall impart,
Promised but to the “ pure in heart.”

FAME.

"For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not, with her clarion voice,
In regal halls." MRS. HEMANS.

It is not with Fame's "clarion voice,"
Within the palace hall,
That we would wish the cherished name
Upon the ear to fall.
Her thrilling notes! — would love desire
That strain their worth to tell,
Whose names, like some sweet treasured dream,
Deep in our memory dwell?

We would not that the minstrel's hand
The laurel wreath should twine :
Purer and dearer gifts we bring
To grace affection's shrine :
For they, the tender and the true,
The loved of other days,
Claim from the hearts their friendship blest,
A sweeter meed of praise.

The cherished hope, the fervent prayer,
While here their footsteps tread,
And when life's varied strain is hushed,
The silent tear we shed.
Rich meed! Yet o'er the loved and blest,
Whose work on earth is done,
No tear of hopeless grief we shed, —
Their heavenly crown is won.

Bright, glorious, is the gift of Fame ;
 Yet holier, more divine,
 Is e'en the faintest sigh, in which
 Their memory we enshrine.
 Minstrel ! it is for thee to pour
 The trumpet note of praise ;
 But love the cherished name shall tell,
 In gentler, purer lays.

HYMN

FOR THE CONSECRATION OF MOUNT PLEASANT, TAUNTON.

AROUND Thy forest shrine,
 Eternal God ! we bend,
 While to yon dome of Thine,
 Faith's breathing tones ascend, —
 To spread abroad, From nature's fane,
 The choral strain To nature's God.

The whispering wind around,
 The glorious sky above,
 The trees' sweet murmuring sound, —
 All, all proclaim Thy love.
 A thrilling voice, Breathed on the ear,
 Checks every fear, Bids man rejoice.

Where nature's hues of bloom
In summer beauty reign,
Shall sadness, doubt, and gloom,
Breathe here their mournful strain?
Let songs of praise To God be given,
And high to Heaven Joy's chorus raise.

To Faith, to Hope, to Love,
This spot we consecrate,
While raised to Thee above,
Our hearts Thy blessing wait.
To Thee we pray, Our Father, God!
Through him who trod Death's silent way.

Our souls shall never fear
The path he blest to tread;
But calmly enter here
The chambers of the dead.
Here shall we sleep, And fear no ill,
While angels still Their vigils keep.

To thee! Great King of kings!
When life's short dream is o'er,
On Hope's aspiring wings,
O may our spirits soar,
And swell on high That strain to Thee,
Whose melody Shall never die!

THE FIRST TENANT OF MOUNT PLEASANT.

"There was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre,
wherein was never man yet laid."

THE first, above whose garden-tomb
Spring's bright and perfumed flowers shall bloom.
Our lips a parting requiem swell,
Of grief too deep for words to tell.
Thou in thine opening bloom art gone ;
We are left lingering here alone.

Yet more : the first to whom was given
To lead this quiet path to heaven.
Thy Saviour shared the same calm rest,
Thy Lord that Eastern garden blest.
By faith upheld, sustained by prayer,
Thou couldst not shrink his lot to share.

Nor will we mourn, as those who find
No hope to cheer the sinking mind.
Thou wast too pure to linger here,
Thy spirit sought a nobler sphere, —
The radiant realms beyond the sky,
The Christian's glorious rest on high.

And oft, as Nature's bloom we greet,
Round thy hushed rest our steps shall meet.
'Mid matin songs and vesper dews,
On thy sweet memory we will muse,

And catch, as from an altar-shrine,
New springs of faith and hopes divine.

Rest thee, young sleeper ! take thy rest,
Thou early freed ! thou richly blest !
Such tears as sainted souls might shed,
We scatter o'er thy hallowed bed.
Rest ! for thy task on earth is done,
Rest ! for thy crown in heaven is won.

THE PROMISE OF JESUS.

“Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

PROMISE, 'mid earthly anguish given !
Blessing 'mid earthly wo revealed !
Hope, which the spirit rests on heaven !
Compact, with life's devotion sealed !

All, all fulfilled in after years,
The gracious words the Saviour gave.
The promise still the spirit cheers,
The blessing yet the soul may save.

What though no mortal eye may gaze
Upon his form, as low we bend ?
What though no earthly pomp or praise,
His bright, triumphant path attend ?

The blest assurance he has given,
Faith sees the gracious words fulfilled :
The trusting eye is raised to heaven,
The sigh, the doubt, the fear is stilled.

Be with us, thou, whose breast was warmed
With generous pity for our race.
Will not thy promise be performed ?
Upon the heart thy presence trace.

(Be with us in the untrodden land ;
Let us not tread its gloom alone :
Be with us, when the soul shall stand,
Fearful before its Maker's throne.)

There shall no cloud obstruct the sight,
Nor earth shall check the spirit's prayer.
The eye shall see, O ! vision bright,
Shall see the blest Redeemer there.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

EXULTING theme ! what strain shall swell,
Our hearts' deep gratitude to tell ?
How can our feeble voices raise
To Heaven a fitting song of praise ?

Though to our fervent prayer were given
The tuneful voice, the song of heaven,
The choral strain that swells above
Is weak to hymn that work of love.

“Glory to God, who dwells on high !”
Who spread the earth and arched the sky,
Whose power prolongs our fleeting breath,
And shields us from the grasp of death.

“And peace on earth !” The gracious boon
Bids man his harp of praise attune.
Our tongues would join the minstrel throng,
And swell with them the grateful song.

“Good will to man.” Our spirits soar
Upward, His mercy to adore,
Who, to redeem our sinful race,
Sent forth His Messenger of grace.

O may our wandering footsteps press
The path our Saviour died to bless ;
May we his words of truth receive,
And humbly in his name believe.

Thus shall our spirits share the home,
Where death, nor doubt, nor sorrow come,
And bend in rapture at Thy shrine,
Eternal Source of love divine !

FOR THE OF

V

Lord, through the living way,
Wilt Thou conduct this blessed band,
Till round Thy throne their feet shall stand,
Where springs eternal day?

And silent place,
Once lit the sparkling eye,
That could not die,
No more trace.

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erness,

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Fountain of life, and light, and love !
To Thee our suppliant voice we raise ;
To Thee we turn our earnest gaze.

Our hearts shall know no dark dismay,
Though clouds are gathering o'er our way ;
And though the angry tempest roar,
Our souls Thy wisdom shall adore.

Silent, submissive still to Thee,
Grant us, Eternal One, to be ;
And still that perfect peace impart,
Thy blessing to the trusting heart.

And when life's checkered scene is past,
Joy's summer smile, grief's wintry blast,
And we the eternal shore shall tread,
By Thee, our Father, gently led, —

Still in the mansions of the blest,
Our heart's deep trust on Thee shall rest ;
And there the perfect peace of heaven,
That holy heritage, be given.

TO THE MEMORY OF A NEAR AND DEAR FRIEND.

"Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." *Holy Writ.*

I LITTLE thought, when last we met,
How soon life's brilliant star would set ;
How soon thy eye's unclouded light
Would lose its beams in death's dark night.
But, ah ! that meeting was our last ;
Our sad farewells on earth are past.

I saw thee last when health beamed high
From rosy cheek and laughing eye.
Yet once again : but death had hushed
The harp whence love's sweet tones had gushed.
That altered strain ! — ah ! who can tell
The blight that on my spirit fell ?

Yes ! bright and blest one ! thou hast fled ;
The moon shines o'er thy peaceful head ;
Fled like a dear but vanished dream,
The meteor's fitful, flashing gleam ;
Fled like the morning's pearly dew,
Or the pure floweret's fading hue.

How sweet, when o'er my stricken soul
The blight of Time's sad changes stole,
On thy firm, faithful love to rest,
My solace when by care opprest !

How sweet into thy listening ear
To pour each grief, each doubt, each fear !

And ne'er in vain. An answering sound
In thy warm heart I ever found.
Thou with my faults wouldst kindly bear,
And sweetly every trial share :
Though dark my soul, as clouds of night,
Thy smiles would make my pathway bright.

My steps may join the busy throng ;
My ear may list the thrilling song ;
In every scene thy form I view,
The kindly-hearted and the true !
Long treasured in my heart shall dwell
The memory of our last farewell.

Our last farewell ! For, O ! one thought
Is with my inmost spirit wrought.
That breathing tone, — it has for me
The voice, the might of prophecy.
One gracious boon will yet be given, —
To meet, to live, to love in heaven.

We parted in the house of prayer, —
God's earthly temple, pure and fair.
When grief's last fount of tears has gushed,
And sorrow's anguished strain is hushed,
Let us but meet around that shrine
In heaven, — eternal and divine.

"WHAT IS THERE SADDENING IN THE AUTUMN
LEAVES?"

WHY, when the falling leaf
Strews with its glories many a forest glade,
Why should our secret spirits be dismayed?

Why should a spell of grief
Check the glad gushing of joy's fountain stream,
Or shed a blight o'er hope's rich, radiant dream?

Look on the gorgeous sight:
Thus Nature mocks the aspiring touch of Art,
Breathing a grace no limner could impart.

See the rich hues of light,
Varied and beautiful, around us shed,
Telling a tale of hope, though life be fled.

Of faith and hope they tell, —
A hope unchanging to the spirit given,
A lofty faith that links our love to heaven.

A sweet and gentle spell,
Breathed in love's language, checks our secret fear,
And whispers gladness, though decay be near.

Shall not Spring's gentle breath,
The fount which feeds each floweret's rich perfume,
Waken to life its freshness and its bloom?

Beyond the vale of death,
Eternal Spring breathes through the scented air,
And flowers, which know no fading, blossom there.

Doth not man's beauty die ?
 E'en as the dying flower, the fading hue,
 As bright and glorious, as transient too ?

Doth not the weeping eye,
 The sorrowing heart, its mournful tribute pay,
 When life's fair blossoms wither and decay ?

Yet, as Spring's quickening breath
 Yearly the forest's foliage renews,
 Life through our souls God's Spirit shall infuse.

Where is thy power, O Death !
 To chain the souls, that, struggling to be free,
 May blissful share God's own eternity ?

"COME UP HITHER."

COME to the holy feast,
 The table of our Lord.
 Ye of the gathering band the least,
 List to the gracious word.
 A contrite spirit with you bring ;
 God will not spurn your offering.

Pour ye the fervent prayer,
 As at his feet ye bend.
 Will not the Saviour meet you there ?
 His guiding spirit lend ?

While, with affections pure and meek,
Ye shall the promised blessing seek.

Here every vain desire
May love's deep fervor quell :
Here may devotion's sacred fire
Each heart to rapture swell.
Grant that each bending form may be
A shrine, Eternal One ! for thee.

Here may each heart be given,
While prayer and praise arise,
To God, to Jesus, and to heaven, —
A living sacrifice.
And as our souls in homage kneel,
Let each his covenant vows reseal.

To own his honored name,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
Who to redeem our spirits came,
And lead to cloudless day ; —
Here in this simple, holy rite,
His last request, our hearts unite.

O ! may the path he trod
Be by our footsteps pressed ;
His Father ours, and ours his God,
Our hope his heavenly rest.
Them who on earth his name confess,
He waits in heaven to crown and bless.

THE SUMMONS OF DEATH.

INFANT, on whose snowy brow
All is pure and stainless now,
In whose heart the fount of love
Hath its spring in heaven above,
Earth is no meet home for thee ;
Thou its threatening ills shouldst flee.

Haste, haste away !

Child, thy path is bright with flowers ;
Joyous are thy sunny hours ;
Thou must leave thy mirth and play,
For a purer, brighter day :
I have called, and thou must roam
Far from kindred, friends, and home.

Haste, haste away !

Maiden, with thy step so light,
And thy brow so calm and bright,
Thou earth's sunny bowers must leave, —
Fate a darker web must weave ;
Thou my gathering ranks must swell, —
Thou my triumph hour must tell.

Haste, haste away !

Beauty, peerless in thy grace,
Smiles are wreathing now thy face :
Dost thou not existence deem
Lovely as thine own bright dream ?

Thou must leave earth's pomp and state ;
I have marked thy future fate.

Haste, haste away !

Bride, thy plighted faith is given ;
Now thy vow is heard in heaven.
Who may hear the tones which swell
Deep within thy fond heart's cell ?
Vain thy secret wishes all ;
Thou must haste thee at my call.

Haste, haste away !

Soldier, on the battle plain
Thou must find thy courage vain.
Canst thou bear thee undismayed,
When my touch is on thee laid ?
Soldier, on the battle field
Leave the helmet and the shield.

Haste, haste away !

Sailor, 'mid the pathless sea
Shall thy quiet slumbers be ;
Far within the watery deep
Shall the mermaid o'er thee weep ;
Friend nor kindred o'er thy bier
E'er shall shed the sorrowing tear.

Haste, haste away !

Widow, in whose sorrowing heart
Joy hath not its wonted part,
Fear thou not my sad array ;
He, thy loved, has trod the way ;

And where comes no grief nor care,
He in bliss shall meet thee there.

Haste, haste away !

Mother, let the tear be dried,
Shed o'er him, thy spirit's pride.
Shall a mother's love be vain ?
Thou shalt see thine own again ;
Ye shall meet on that blest shore,
Where earth's partings are no more.

Haste, haste away !

Weary one, thy weeping cease ;
I will bring a sweet release.
Earth has mocked with visions bright :
Gaze on heaven's fadeless light.
Let thy aching heart be stilled ;
Brighter hopes shall be fulfilled.

Haste, haste away !

Christian, fear not thou to die ;
Now thy glorious goal is nigh.
Strike the golden harp of joy ;
Well may praise its notes employ.
Now thy trial course is done,
Now thy crown of life is won.

Haste, haste away !

Mortals, I have raised my band,
Pilgrims to a stranger land.
God hath my commission given,
You, His loved, to lead to heaven.

Earth has ne'er the spirit blest ;
That 'mid heavenly joys should rest.

Haste, haste away !

VICTORIA AT WESTMINSTER.

SUGGESTED BY SULLY'S CELEBRATED PORTRAIT.

SHE sits on her ancestral seat, a crowned and jeweled
queen,—

She of the young, unclouded brow, of mild and gracious
mien ;

While prelate, prince, and courtier bow at her imperial
throne,

Their loyal fealty to pay, her regal right to own.

A gorgeous sight ; for gathered there, a proud and
princely band,

Are ranged the wise, the beautiful, the mighty of the
land ;

While wisdom, might, and beauty bend before their
sovereign's feet,

To yield that homage of the heart, for youth and good-
ness meet.

Not on the shrine of rank alone their loyal gift they pay ;
Affection tunes the minstrel's harp, and fires the poet's
lay ;

It melts the gathering ice of age, bids youth's glad foun-
tains flow,
And lights a transient flash of joy within the breast of wo.

Well may that face all hearts enthrall, thou beautiful and
bright ;

For Love sits throned within that eye of heaven's own
azure light.

That gently parted lip declares the joyousness of youth,
Rich in its morning dream of bliss, and radiant with truth.

Still be in after years as pure the glance of memory
As now unto thine ardent gaze hope's visions seems to be ;
Still brightly set the star of life, as erst its splendors rose,
And fair as morning's dawning light be eventide's sweet
close.

Full many a pang thy heart must know, thou favored and
most blest,

And thou wilt sigh in loneliness for one sweet hour of rest.
O! then in that most hallowed hour be brighter visions
given

Than earth can e'er afford,—the pure and priceless
hopes of heaven.

'Mid song, and dance, and revelry, thy woman's heart
will yearn

For one sweet fountain-stream of love, whither thy steps
may turn ;

And thou wilt sigh within thy breast, to wear the crystal
gem,

More precious far than ever shone in monarch's diadem.

A jeweled crown is on thy brow, a princely court is thine,
And many a glad and gushing heart bends willing at thy
shrine.

Be it, amid an angel's court, to thy rapt spirit given,
To wear the Christian's coronet, the star-gemmed crown
of heaven.

FAREWELL TO MY HOME.

I LINGER on the threshold yet ;

I cannot breathe the farewell tone.

A spell of sad, though sweet regret,

Is o'er this parting moment thrown.

Home ! home ! thou dearest spot of all

Earth's weary wanderers love so well,

As I thy vanished hours recall,

What varied thoughts within me swell !

Here first in joy my footsteps pressed

A spot I fondly called my own.

Here friendship's tones my heart have blessed,

Nor hate its seeds of discord sown.

Here could my weary frame repose,
When faint with toil, or worn with care ;
Here, when life's quivering breath should close,
I hoped to breathe my parting prayer.

Here have joy's gushing tones been heard ;
Here sorrow's brooding wing been spread :
Here the deep fount of gladness stirred ;
And here grief's silent tear-drop shed.
Here to affection's treasured store,
Were gems of priceless value given,
As stars, to shine my pathway o'er,
And light the pilgrim's course to heaven.

Here have I stood with sorrowing eye,
To watch life's embers die away ;
While faith could lift her glance on high,
And gaze on heaven's all-perfect day.
Here have I stood beside the shrine,
Where love lights up his holiest beam ;
Where heart, and hand, and voice combine,
To shadow forth a glorious dream.

Yet as I linger round the past,
And sigh to break the golden chain,
My glance is on the future cast,
And Hope breathes forth her sweeter strain.
What though my feet no longer roam
Where love the varied scenes can trace ?
What though my fondly cherished home
Is now the stranger's resting-place ?

The heart unchanged — love's quenchless smile ;
Truth's holy spell — hope's fadeless glow,
A desert's gloom could well beguile,
And bid joy's sacred fountains flow.
Change cannot blight their radiant bloom,
There time his influence may not send,
But sorrow's tear, — affliction's gloom,
To joy a holier light shall lend.

LADIES' FAIR.

O ! HASTE ye away ; 't is the morn of the Fair ;
And the lovely and happy are gathering there.
Ye would not be late on this festival day ;
Then haste to love's temple, love's incense to pay.

It is well worth the visit to see the gay sight,
The ladies so smiling, the beaux so polite.
What cynical stoic a smile will deny,
Or coldly so brilliant a bevy pass by ?

You will find all that fancy or art can devise, —
For your ears silver voices, your heart witching eyes.
You surely will join the gay crowd hastening there,
Ah, yes, you must visit this wonder, the Fair.

There hearts of all sizes the eye may behold,
Unlike each fair prototype, purchased with gold.
And chains, too, to weave round the bachelor's heart,
Which perchance may be captured by love's magic art.

And there waits the Sybil, your fate to reveal :
Then come at her mystical altar to kneel ;
A glance of her eye can the future explore ;
Your pittance of silver, — she asks for no more.

A line for sweet Belle in the post-office lies :
Ah ! the secret I read by the light of your eyes.
But still of your blush no advantage I take,
So in secret and quiet the seal you may break.

Then hasten away. You will never regret,
That to-day in love's temple her children have met ;
But the eye of Remembrance with rapture shall glow,
And the heart's purest fountains of pleasure shall flow.

ON THE DEATH OF A NEAR RELATIVE.

"Let not your heart be troubled Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." *Holy Writ.*

BLISSFUL and glorious meed !

What to the sorrowing spirit could be given,
Breathing so much of hope, of joy, of heaven ?

Blessed are they, indeed,
Who, from the shrouding veil of earth set free,
Can face to face their Heavenly Father see.

Being of perfect love !

Who, though Thy hand grief's deepest fount may stir,
Dost in Thy darkest counsels never err,

Up to Thy throne above,
Our stricken souls their weight of anguish send,
Our Rock of strength, our never-failing Friend !

Yet with a quenchless trust,
That once again love's fount shall be unsealed,
To Thee this treasure of our hearts we yield.

Most merciful and just !

Let not our confidence of hope be vain, —
Shall we not meet where peace and rapture reign ?

Never again below,
Where once in love our hearts were wont to meet,
Shall that closed eye our gazing vision greet.

Yet where, all ceaseless, flow

The waters of love's own immortal stream,
Full on our souls, once more, its light shall beam.

Brother and friend ! farewell !
Not for thy rapture shed we grief's sad tear.
No, we would keep thine image still so dear,
As a sweet hallowed spell, —
An added link to that bright chain of love,
Which binds us to our better home above.

Meet was it that the hues
Of summer's lingering flowers should light thy way,
To those blest bowers whose hues know no decay.

Watered by heaven's own dews,
Thy Father's smile lights up the radiant bloom,
Which sheds o'er those bright realms its rich perfume.

Rest in thy purity !
As the lost fragrance of the summer flower
Shall steal across our souls, at twilight's hour,
Thy cherished memory.
We will not grieve that thou hast earliest trod
The path which leads thee to thy Father, God.

No ! rather let the love
That once shed sunlight o'er our earthly way
Point us to thy bright rest, heaven's " perfect day."
In that sweet home above,
The only heritage which cannot fail,
Let us but meet, — beyond death's silent vale.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL, 1839.

Most High ! most Mighty ! and most Great !

We bend around Thy throne,
Thy guardian care to supplicate,
Thy guardian love to own.

We come with feeble, faltering feet :

Be Thou, O God ! our strength ;
And to Thy holier mercy seat,
Conduct our steps at length.

Bid the rich dews of grace divine

Descend on each young head ;
And o'er each heart, Thy chosen shrine,
Their gracious influence shed.

For her, we drop love's silent tear, —

So late the bright and fair !
May she not, though unseen, be near,
Unheard, to join our prayer ?

And when no more our wandering feet

Shall tread time's wave-washed shore,
O ! may Thy parted children meet
Where love shall weep no more.

"SORROW NOT AS THOSE WITHOUT HOPE."

WHEN called around the bed of death,
To catch the last expiring breath ;
When breathed upon the listening ear,
The tone that calls it hence we hear ;
We bow reluctant to the rod,
And, sorrowing, yield the soul to God.

For as the radiant hues of heaven
Glow brightest at the hour of even ;
As music sheds a holier lay,
When soft its numbers die away ;
So love's undying splendors beam,
Reflected in life's parting stream.

But as we bend around the bed,
Where life's young pilgrims bow the head,
Can we not hear the Master's tone,
Breathed to his followers alone,
"Sorrow ye not as those who see
No star of hope their guide to be."

Mourn ye not those whose steps have trod
The mansions of their Father, God.
Though life was one bright summer's day,
Fearless they trod death's narrow way.
It led them through decay and gloom,
To bowers where fadeless glories bloom.

No tear of grief shall dim their eye ;
Their anguished heart shall heave no sigh :
Sin shall not check their grateful prayer ;
Nor error cloud the day-beam there :
But joy's rich fountain-stream shall flow,
And love's sweet ray unclouded glow.

Then let the eye no longer weep ;
God shall those vanished treasures keep,
To dwell, as gems of life and light,
For aye within His watchful sight.
There shall we meet, life's trials o'er,
Our loved, our lost, to part no more.

THE CONTRAST.

"Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death
not divided." *Holy Writ.*

A YOUNG and cherished bride, she went her future home
to seek,
While glowed the living tints of health upon her kindling
cheek.
The fount of love was in her heart, and in her eye its
light ;
Nor dark disease around her path had cast its withering
blight.

The future to her vision seemed one fair and golden
dream,
And Hope, the priestess at love's shrine, had shed her
radiant beam ;
Breathed from the lip of changeless truth the precious
vow was given,
Which bound in one those mingling hearts, which death's
cold touch has riven.

Now side by side with one most dear her quiet ashes
sleep,
While angel spirits round their rest their gentle vigils
keep.
“Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death divided not,”
Each rests upon her lowly couch, silent, but not forgot.

Thou earlier called to bliss and heaven, most gentle and
most blest,
Thy memory in unfading lines is on my heart impressed.
E'en now when on thy love I muse, I shed the frequent
tear,
Though years have passed since last I saw thy living
image here.

My heart is sometimes weary, and I fain would flee away
In sweet communion with thy soul to share heaven's
“perfect day ;”
Yet would I wait my appointed time until my change
shall come,
And thou my angel guide may'st be, to lead my spirit
home.

Rest ye ! sweet sisters ! earth had not one joy to equal
heaven.

The seal of Christian fellowship to each young heart was
given.

The kindred souls in life so dear, could not long parted be :
They soared to swell in courts above the anthem of the
free.

“UPON WHOM DOTH NOT HIS LIGHT ARISE?”

Is there a secret, hidden place,
How lone soever it may be,
In which Faith's vision may not trace
The light of God's divinity ?

Thou poor afflicted one ! whose eye,
Dim with the frequent-falling tear,
Can see no friendly beacon nigh,
Thy spirit's struggling grief to cheer, —

Lift up thine eye ! a splendor streams
All glorious from God's throne of light.
Full on the trusting eye it beams,
And turns to day grief's darkest night.

Thou weary one ! who fain wouldst lay
The burden of thy labors down,

To share the only cloudless day,
And win the only fadeless crown, —

Not to the dreams of dark despair,
Be all thy weary moments given :
Breathe forth thy soul in grateful prayer,
And patient wait the light from heaven.

Darkness and clouds are o'er the way,
That leads us to our heavenly rest ;
But faith can view the beaming ray,
That gilds the regions of the blest.

Turn to that rest thy tearful eye,
And God's own hand thy steps shall guide,
Till thou shalt see his mansions nigh,
And stand his glorious throne beside.

INVOCATION.

FATHER ! enthroned above,
Thou Source of life and love !
On Thine Eternal Name my voice would call.
Hear me as thus I pray,
And let a heavenly ray,
Gently as night dews, on my spirit fall.

While suppliant thus I kneel,
Let me Thy presence feel,
In the bright noontide as the evening shade ;
When in the hour of prayer,
I bring to Thee my care,
May my heart's confidence on thee be stayed.

Spare Thou the loved and dear,
Life's trial way to cheer :
Long may their faithful, changeless love be given ;
And, 'mid my lonely grief,
Grant me the sweet relief,
The trust to meet those cherished ones in heaven.

And to my fainting heart
Wilt thou Thine aid impart ?
In weakness, Mighty One ! I bend to Thee.
When the fierce storm is nigh,
And raised to Thee my eye,
Wilt Thou my strength in earthly weakness be ?

When the dark hour has passed,
Of earthly wo the last,
And the soul quits its prison-house of clay,—
Thou! to whom Death must bow, j
Great King of kings! wilt Thou
Receive my spirit to eternal day?

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF EBENEZER BAI-
LEY, ESQ. LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE YOUNG
LADIES' HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON.

WHEN from our side the good are snatched away,
Like morning flowers that fade at close of day,
How yearns the heart, though prostrate in its wo,
Affection's last fond tribute to bestow!
For precious then the faintest sigh will be,
Breathed to the good man's hallowed memory.
But when the thoughts of childhood's budding years,
Its blending light and shade, its hopes, its fears,
Around the heart their silent influence shed,
And mingle with our sorrow for the dead,
Though Love may rear the altar, pure, divine,
Yet gratitude bends willing at the shrine.

Thus hath it been with thee, thou friend revered!
Whose genial aid my days of childhood cheered.

Oft have I turned me, 'mid earth's deep unrest,
To those sweet hours, my brightest and most blest.
Thou, in the days when fortune smiled on thee,
Wast a warm friend, untiring, true to me ;
Nor ever hath thy watchful interest ceased,
Till death thy noble, godlike soul released.
My heart's deep debt of gratitude shall be
A lasting pillar to thy memory.

Friend of my youth ! though feeble is the meed
I pay the princely heart, the generous deed,
Though strains more proud and eloquent than mine
The memory of thy virtues shall enshrine,
Yet none the voice of truer grief shall raise,
Or to thy goodness yield more heartfelt praise.

Not I alone deplore thy hapless fate,
Thou good and gifted, generous and great !
She, that sad mourner o'er thy silent bier,
Shedding in speechless grief the frequent tear ;
And they, whose names dwelt latest on thy tongue,
O'er whom a father's shield of love was flung,
Their depth of wo His might alone can scan,
Whose eye beams love, whose voice " speaks peace " to
man.

Eternal One ! God of the fatherless !
Whose grace the widow's anguished heart can bless !
Bend from Thy throne of radiant light above,
And be Thy banner o'er those sad ones, love.
Rest her lone heart beneath Thy sheltering wing,
And to thy fold those lambs in safety bring.

Rest thee in peace ! thou tried and trusted friend !
Shall we in hopeless grief around thee bend ?
Oft have thy smiles the sorrowing heart made glad,
Thy presence cheered the doubting and the sad.
In many a heart thy monument is reared,
Whose silent thoughts record thy name revered.
Each princely deed, though done in secrecy,
Shall rise to Heaven and thy memorial be.
Thy soul shall enter its immortal rest, —
Home of the weary, guerdon of the blest.

LAZARUS.

He sleeps.
Is there no voice to rouse the silent dust,
And bid the springs of life flow gently on ?
Will not a sister's pleading break that rest ?
No, for the stern, relentless hand of death
Has stamped his impress on the placid brow.
The heart is cold whose warm affection blessed
The helpless ones who lived in him alone,
To whom he was their all.

But there is One
Whose glance is mercy, and whose voice is might ;
Yea, who can render to the mourner back
The tender object that has shared his love.

He loved that sleeping one ; his memory
Was hallowed in his heart by many a deed
Of kindness to himself, and, at the call
Of those who looked to him with a pure faith,
He came to yield him to their love again.

Martha came forth to meet him ; but that one
Who oft had knelt, with warm devotion fired,
And listened to the heaven-inspiring sounds
Which issued from his lips, remained behind,
In the sad solitude of grief and wo.
At her afflicted sister's call she came.
List to their words : " We know if thou but speak,
Life shall once more those pulses animate."
" Where have ye laid him ? " said that gentle voice,
Which never spake, except to cheer the heart
With words of blessed import.

Jesus wept.

But soon before that fast-sealed grave he stood,
And on those weeping sisters turned his eye ; —
" Said I not unto you that ye should see
The glory of your God ? Believe on me.
I am the Resurrection and the Life.
He who believes on me shall never die."
Then to the throne of light his eye was raised ; —
" Father ! I thank Thee that my voice is heard."

That pleading voice was heard, and then, in tones
Which thrilled through every vein of that vast crowd,
He spake the words, " O Lazarus ! come forth !"
Scarce were the breathing accents heard, when he,
So lately locked in the embrace of death,
Came forth, exulting in the tide of life

That fed his veins and warmed his conscious heart.
While he who wrought this gracious miracle,
Went forth upon his silent, lonely way,
Not to the regal glories of a throne,
But unto scorn, and treachery, and death.

Swell ! swell to heaven the anthem's hallowed note,
And bend the soul in fervent gratitude.
Though the damp grave contained his sacred form,
It could not hold him in its chill embrace ;
For he, too, broke its chains, and, at the call
Of HIM who gave him power to raise the dead,
He spurned the fetters that would keep him there,
And soared to heaven, and taught his followers too,
That, as he burst the grave, so shall they rise,
And in the realms of everlasting joy,
Live through a vast eternity.

"WHAT WITHERS ON THE EARTH, BLOOMS AGAIN
IN HEAVEN."

Those blessed hopes, most fair and bright,
Now merged in disappointment's night,
Shall wear a new and holier light,
And shine more pure in heaven.

The smiles that cheered life's golden hours,
And shed their light o'er love's sweet bowers,
Though vanished now like summer flowers,
Shall beam more bright in heaven.

The hearts whereon our own could rest,
In grief less sad, in joy more blessed,
Though cold is now each faithful breast,
Shall love again in heaven.

The flowers that rich with dewy bloom,
Sent forth at morn a sweet perfume,
Though sunset lingers round their tomb,
Shall bloom again in heaven.

No clouds in those fair skies are seen,
But suns are bright and gales serene,
While living founts and pastures green,
Eternal, spring in heaven.

Then breathe no more the strain of wo,
Nor longer let grief's teardrop flow,
For each sweet flower that droops below,
Shall fadeless bloom in heaven.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX, 1837.

TO A FRIEND.

WHERE could the heart that asked a gift on love's sweet
shrine to place,
Seek for a lovelier gem than this, the offering to grace?
Genius its mighty voice has raised, a fitting lay to swell,
And Art pours forth its richest gems from out its treasure
cell.

Here meet a mingling multitude from many a distant
strand;
The gifted and the beautiful, the mighty of the land.
And as a shadow, blending with joy's rich and glorious
ray,
The lowly and the sorrowful tread here their weary
way.

We gaze on Georgia's meek-eyed slave, the Houri of
the East,
Whose lofty brow and noble mien might grace a royal
feast;
And here, with jeweled rosary, and eye upraised in
prayer,
Sweet Florence waits on bended knee, her cloistered
home to share.

She, Persia's proud Sultana, mourns her sad though bril-
liant fate,
And yearns to tread that blessed home, by her made
desolate ;

And here Spain's haughty daughter stands, the fair but
false coquette,
Breathing, in bitterness of soul, her deep but vain regret.

Beneath the sunny skies of France, and mid her laugh-
ing bowers,
Fair Marguerite her crown receives, a wreath of thorn-
less flowers.
Not for her rank or grace, they twine the rose-leaf o'er
her brow,
But hearts in willing homage here, before La Rosière
bow.

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Thou jewel of a father's love, the treasure of his heart!
Meekly, in filial tenderness, thy soul hath borne its part.
A tongue more gifted far than mine should sing the
virtuous deed,
And strains more eloquent should rise to be thy fitting
meed.

Thou, who hast been the cherished gem of his parental
pride,
A mother to those lambs, to whom that blessing was
denied;
Thine earthly pathway, may it be with countless treasures
strewn,
And may'st thou fondly call the love of many a heart
thine own.

And late at life's sweet eventide, when thou shalt sink to
rest,
By many a well-remembered deed, O! be thy moments
blest;

And when death's portal thou hast passed, may the bright
boon be given,
To meet the approving smile of God, and share the bliss
of heaven.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

"Strength is born
In the deep stillness of long suffering hearts,
Not amid joy." MRS. HEMANS.

Not amid pleasure's giddy throng,
Where sweetly breathes the siren song,
Gathers the spirit strength to bear
Its deepest, heaviest weight of care.

Not where the flashing eye beams bright
With hope's sweet ray and memory's light,
Not where the wreath of rose-hued flowers
We weave to deck life's sunniest hours.

The siren strain, the gilded hall,
Where light as air gay footsteps fall, —
Not these that blessed gift bestow,
Strength to sustain life's deepest wo.

But they above whose grief-bowed head
No herald light of day is shed, —

Whose hearts no ark of rest discern,
Whither the fluttering dove may turn, —

They who from childhood's earliest day
Have seen each brilliant hope decay, —
These, these alone the fountains know
Whence streams of blessed healing flow.

Yes ! fortune's frown, the altered gaze
Of those who shared our brightest days,
The weary day, the anxious night
Scarce gloomier e'en than morning light, —

Like gentlest messengers they come
To guide us to our unseen home.
Strength from their mingling might is given
To tread life's pilgrim path to heaven.

Thanks for the sunlight of our lot ;
Be not its Gracious Fount forgot :
Yet shall our holiest praise arise,
When He withdraws it from our eyes.

"HE THAT OVERCOMETH SHALL INHERIT ALL THINGS."

BLEST promise to the sorrowing heart
Which sees its early hopes depart,
Like some sweet flower whose radiant bloom
Sends up at morn a rich perfume ;
But ere has beamed the sunset ray,
Lies scentless in the traveler's way.

Yet, treasured in love's fountain-cells
The memory of its fragrance dwells ;
And o'er our path its dew is shed,
When hopes less bright in death are fled.
So come their memory o'er the heart, —
The early-called from life to part.

Ye who around the bed of death
Have knelt to catch the parting breath ;
Ye who the fervent prayer have given
Through him who points the eye to heaven,
Who once the same dark pathway trod ;
In meekness kiss the chastening rod.

What though within their vacant place,
The vanished forms no more ye trace ?
What though be fled the spirit-gem,
Is not the promise truth for them ?
Have they not shared the sacred rest, —
The glorious guerdon of the blest ?

No night is there. The King of kings
The uncreated day-beam brings.
He bids the tear of grief be dry
And hushed the anguished spirit's sigh.
Death may not tread the courts above,
Where all is peace and perfect love.

Our Father ! Thou whose sovereign will
Can bid grief's gushing tide "be still !"
Whose voice recalls the gifts it sent, —
The blessings which thy mercy lent !
Whose name we own, the Good ! the Just !
Whose love renews our sinking trust ! —

"Thy will be done !" We may not scan
The dealings of Thy hand to man.
Secure in Thee whose goodness sheds
Its daily mercies o'er our heads ;
We bow to Thee, Eternal One !
And humbly breathe, "Thy will be done !"

Then let the eye no longer weep,
But fixed in view the promise keep.
Gird we the armor to the breast,
To follow where their feet have pressed.
So may we tread the path they trod, —
The path to heaven, to bliss, to God.

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD OF FIVE YEARS.

VISION of beauty ! that hast burst
Upon my gazing sight,
Breathing of grace and loveliness,
All life, and joy, and light ;
Within that eye's deep tenderness,
And on that unstained brow,
I trace the fearless confidence
Which sorrow ne'er should bow.

Child of scarce five short years, thyself
Bright as those precious hours
When, Eden-like, the young year smiles
From out its fragrant bowers ;
Thy Summer's radiant flowers are strewed
Along thy happy way ;
And Hope, sweet childhood's brilliant sun,
Beams forth its cloudless ray.

Sorrow, as yet, upon thy brow
Its signet hath not pressed :
Thou like some spotless spirit art,
All blessing and all blessed.
Thy tears are nature's pearly dew
Which joy's bright sun dispels ;
Thy smiles the gushing fount which from
Thy young heart's rapture swells.

Still through life's mazy pathway be
That heart thus free from guile ;
As light and glad that bounding step ;
As bright that beaming smile.
Still be the sunlight of thy glance
Fair with truth's heavenly ray ;
And the rich promise of thy morn
Brighten to "perfect day."

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. SAMUEL PRESBURY.

A STRAIN is bursting on the ear,
Even at the portals of the tomb :
That strain the stricken heart can cheer,
And whisper peace 'mid death and gloom.
Though dust return to kindred dust,
And nature wage the last sad strife,
In him we place our quenchless trust, —
"The Resurrection and the Life."

Glory to Thee, the King of kings !
Eternal One ! enthroned on high !
Thy word the blest assurance brings ;
Checked is the murmur and the sigh.

While nature o'er the loved one's rest
The tear of fond regret must weep,
The spirits of the good and blest
Their vigils o'er his slumbers keep.

Yet not for him whose shining way
Is 'mid the radiant realms on high,
On whom has beamed the perfect day,
O! not for him the tearful eye.
But they whose sun of hope has set
Even at its zenith pure and bright,—
Who can those stricken hearts forget,
To whom is lost that vanished light?

Thou to whose changeless throne above,
Faith looks beyond the silent tomb!
O! be "Thy banner o'er them love,"
To cheer 'mid darkness, death and gloom.
Be o'er their path a shining ray;
The shadows brooding round dispel;
Till night be merged in endless day,
And joy's rich choral strain shall swell.

There shall they meet, the parted here,—
The husband, brother, father, son:
From error free, released from fear,
His crown of heavenly light is won.
No more to share earth's pain and grief,
To struggle with its care and strife,
In *Him* his spirit finds relief,
"The Resurrection and the Life."

FLORA'S OFFERING.

COULD we a sweeter tribute bring
Than this, blest nature's offering?
For Love in silent beauty dwells
Deep in the floweret's fragrant cells.

Of changeless truth their fragrance breathes,
Hope with their hues her radiance wreathes,
And Faith grows holier and more bright,
Reflected from their sunny light.

Then take our simple gift. Be not
The hearts which prompt that gift forgot,
But still, as future years return,
Let Love's pure flame yet brighter burn.

And when upon that shore we stand,
The Christian's holy "better land,"
Flowers never touched by earth's cold blight
Shall bloom eternal, fadeless, bright.

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH
PEACE, GOOD WILL TO MEN.”

GLORY to God ! the angels sang,
When hovering o'er Judea's plain ;
The courts of heaven in chorus rang,
And earth reëchoed back the strain.
For every hope that lights our way,
For every joy that breathes of heaven, —
For faith's undying spirit-ray,
Our praise to Thee, our God ! is given.

Not for these gifts alone, would we
In grateful adoration bow ;
Eternal Source of love ! to Thee
A holier incense raise we now.
Thanks for the gracious blessings sealed
By him, Thy well-beloved Son ;
Thanks for the glorious hopes revealed,
That point to heaven, and glory won.

“ Good will to men ! ” The holy theme
Let earth's adoring millions swell :
He came earth's millions to redeem ;
Shall words alone our homage tell ?
Not from Thy anger's fiery breath
Came he to set our spirits free :
But dearer far, from sin and death,
To lead our footsteps back to Thee.

That star which erst the Magi led,
From eastern climes, their meed to pay,
O ! be its gracious radiance shed,
To guide us in the heavenly way.
So may we tread the path he trod,
Though dark and thorny it may be,
His Father ours, and ours his God,
Till we in heaven our rest may see.

There shall we raise the exulting strain,
"Let glory be to God most High !"
Nor sin shall blight, nor error stain,
Where love's rich fountain greets the eye.
Nor can the swelling incense end ; —
The theme demands eternity :
Our notes with seraph harps shall blend,
And raise the undying strain to Thee.

THE ALTARS OF A HOUSEHOLD.

IN childhood round one common shrine they bent the
knee in prayer,
Breathing that incense of the heart, a grateful offering,
there.
A common love a common faith, their souls in union
bound,
And there the same blest hope of heaven their mingling
spirits found.

The mother o'er her infant's couch in silent worship
bent,
Raising her fervent prayer to God, all hushed, yet elo-
quent,
That in the fairer home above their spirits yet might
meet,
And pour their holier homage forth before the Mercy-
seat.

But years passed on. All beautiful as childhood's radiant
dream,
Each bark of hope sped gayly on o'er life's unsullied
stream.
The father's eye grew eloquent with thoughts he might
not speak,
That holiest thing, a mother's tear, glowed on her kin-
dling cheek.

Now parted from that blessed spot, that altar so divine,
They rear for love another home, for Faith another
shrine.

Though by a different sign they name the Undefined and
Blest,
Yet droops his sheltering wing above each humble, holy
breast.

To Him, our Father and our Friend, whom heaven's
bright hosts adore,
Whose hallowed name shall yet resound to earth's re-
motest shore,
An humble suppliant bends to Him, the One Great King
of kings,
And through His well beloved Son accepted worship
brings.

One bends within that stately fane, upon thy classic
strand,
Immortal Rome ! the poet's theme, thou proud and storied
land !

One upon Afric's sandy shores erects his humble shrine,
And one adores upon thy hills, time-hallowed Palestine.

Bowing before the throne of God the holy vow they take,
Who seal that precious bond of love which death can
never break ;

Then with unfaltering souls His shield fast to their hearts
they gird,

And spread abroad through heathen gloom the riches
of His word.

Yes ! Afric's sands, and Asia's isles, and Europe's classic strand,
Have each a shrine at which they kneel, that once united band.
Richly from each devoted heart the incense swells to Heaven,
As when around a mother's knee childhood's pure vows were given.

Yet once again their voices swell within that glorious fane,
The only perfect home of love, where peace and rapture reign.
United, never more to part, they share that heavenly rest,
And raise a new and holier song, the anthem of the blest.

THE PAST.

My tearful gaze I dare not cast
Upon the well-remembered past.
As bursts the sigh of vain regret,
Fain would my heart its scenes forget.

Deep on its tablets is impressed
The memory of those days most blest,
When time on golden wing flew by,
And rapture lit the sparkling eye.

Changed is the scene. How many a form,
Within whose veins life's tide flowed warm,
On its low bed in silence sleeps,
While kindred nature o'er it weeps !

Brighter than beam the sunny skies,
Where Europe's proudest columns rise,
Our hopes as stars of promise shone,
Now merged in night, forever gone.

Our earthly hopes : one glorious goal,
Whose splendors fix the trusting soul,
As fair, as bright, as changeless glows,
While time with rapid current flows.

God's presence, Faith's celestial theme,
Oustrivals earth's most radiant beam ;
Illumines sorrow's midnight sky,
And gilds joy's holy home on high.

TO A LADY.

If ever Heaven its seal had set
On aught to cherish or admire,
If ever truth and grace have met,
To kindle love's celestial fire, —

We find it on that noble brow,
In the deep fount that feeds thine eye,
In that young heart, so joyous now,
Which knows no care, which heaves no sigh.

Thus ever may life's golden stream
Reflect the flowers that gem its shore ;
And ever may joy's holiest beam
Shine bright, as now, its current o'er.

O! ever may that eye of thine
Still beam, in youth or age, the same ;
And may love's own immortal shrine
E'er light for thee its incense flame.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

SUGGESTED BY "MEMOIRS BY HER SISTER."

BRIGHTEST of England's minstrel band !

How dear the memory of thy name !

Not from that proud and storied land

Alone, dost thou thy guerdon claim.

The million voices of "the Free"

Swell the high tribute paid to thee.

How sweetly from thy muse are shed

Thy mingling notes of bliss and pain !

As Memory's harp, when day has fled,

Breathes on the soul its varied strain ;

Or night's sweet dream reveals some lay,

Which dies as wakes morn's beaming ray.

We weep in sadness o'er thy fate, —

A widow's lot, though wedded, thine ;

In Fame's proud temple desolate,

Though rich the gift that graced *thy* shrine.

Far dearer was the low-breathed tone

Which spoke one human heart thine own.

How did thy woman's spirit yearn,

Thou crowned with Fame's most glorious flowers,

From that proud boon thy brow to turn,

And rest thy heart in love's sweet bowers !

How were its inmost fountains stirred

By one low-uttered "household word !"

Thou hast thy praise, sweet minstrel, thou !
 Nobler than Fame's triumphant peal ;
 The King of kings upon thy brow
 Had stamped the Christian's glorious seal ;
 Nor could grief's heaviest touch efface
 The record of His conquering grace.

Calmly as fades day's farewell beam,
 Thy weary spirit sank to rest,
 To waken from earth's fitful dream,
 In the fair mansions of the blest,
 And tune to more seraphic strains
 Thy harp, where endless rapture reigns.

"ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THEE, AND THY
 SAINTS SHALL BLESS THEE."

ONE universal strain of praise
 Creation to its God shall raise ;
 Its matin song, its vesper tone,
 Swell ceaseless to its Maker's throne.

Morn wakes for Him its radiant beam ;
 Him starry midnight makes its theme ;
 Their anthem strains His children bring,
 While prayer lifts up its sacred wing.

Yet notes more holy shall ascend,
With angel harmony to blend :
Praise in His earthly courts is given ;
Praise tunes the harps of saints in heaven.

Eternal Father ! King divine !
Grant we may meet around Thy shrine,
And wake to Thee that strain on high,
Whose melody shall never die.

A SKETCH.

BRIGHT and most beautiful she sank to rest ;
Not as the angry storm-wind, spent with rage,
Ceases its roaring, to resume once more
Its march of devastation o'er the land ;
But as the summer breeze, that gently floats
Around our path, and wafts the rich perfume
Of Nature's glorious flowers, when sunset glows,
And kindly lingers in the radiant west.

Scarcely had eighteen summers o'er her head
Their golden sunlight lavished. It was well
That, as the summer floweret drooped and died,
When breathed upon by Autumn's siroc lip,
That lovelier flower should fold its bursting leaves,
Which God's own touch had painted, that its bloom
Might yet unfold in heaven's immortal bowers.

The hopes of many a glad and gushing heart
Were garnered in her. That pale mother's eye,
Dimmed by its midnight vigil at her couch,
Shed o'er her rest the silent, secret tear.
Oft to the throne of God her prayer arose,
That He would spare that treasure of her heart.
She was a Christian mother; and the prayer,
"Thy will be done," though choked by many a sigh,
And scarce articulate from excess of grief,
Was yet the whisper of her bursting heart.

Life was extinct; not less in that young heart,
The last sole relic of a mother's gems,
Than in her earthly hopes, that suffering one.
Widowed and childless in her misery,
Where could that mother turn her asking eye
Better than to His throne, whose grace is near
The Christian mourner in his agony?
He saw her anguish, heard the prayer of faith,
And gently led her to her heavenly home,
Where each bright jewel, lent her upon earth,
Shines, fair and fadeless, in the courts of heaven.

DIEU EST PARTOUT.

WHERE is Thy favored shrine,
God of creation's space ?
Where is the temple wholly thine,
Where we may seek Thy face ?

What altar can we see,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To which our contrite souls may flee,
And find their sins forgiven ?

Art Thou not every where ?
Our Father and our God !
O'er earth and heaven, through sea and air,
Thy glory shines abroad.

But, while the dome we rear,
Sacred to Thee alone,
Those gracious words the spirit cheer,
" Creation is my own."

Thy hands have reared a shrine,
Where all may kneel in prayer ;
Where, kindled by Thy love divine,
Our souls that love may share.

God of the azure heaven !
God of the forest shade !
These are Thy shrines, to mortals given,
For earthly incense made.

Then be our spirits fraught
With pure and constant love.
May every wish, may every thought,
Aspire to Thee above.

AUTUMN HYMN.

Low at Thy throne, great God ! we bend,
Our filial sacrifice to raise ;
While to Thy gracious throne ascend
Our mingling notes of prayer and praise.

Again Thy presence would we seek ;
For pardon to Thy throne we turn :
The contrite heart, the spirit meek,
Father ! Thy love will never spurn.

That love, our sure, unfailing shield,
Preserved us through the former year ;
Its strength, all powerful, was revealed
When danger, doubt, and death were near.

To Thee our harvest-gift we bring ;
Let all the harvest-anthem swell.
Accept the meed, Eternal King !
And let Thy influence with us dwell.

Our gift,— it is the low-breathed prayer,
The swelling strain of grateful praise.
Our tongues Thy glory shall declare,
Whose goodness crowns our lengthened days.

So, when life's autumn day shall come,
And call Thy servants to their rest,
Grant we may sing our "harvest home,"
'Mid the bright myriads of the blest.

In holier, more angelic strains,
Our harps shall join the choir above,
Where grandeur, glory, rapture reigns,
And heaven is one wide realm of love.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

COME ye in holy fear,
Around our loved one's tranquil rest to bend ;
While faith's sustaining tones to heaven ascend,
Draw ye in silence near :
She sleeps in death's unwakening slumber there,—
Death, coldly, calmly, beautifully fair.

Look on the marble brow,
Whose Parian pureness speaks her early doom,
A holy flower on heaven's bright shores to bloom.
In sacred silence now,

Never earth's fitful, feverish glare to know,
The soft-fringed lid is closed on mortal wo.

Yet come in trusting love :
Pure as it was, the spirit fled that shrine,
To quench its sacred thirst at springs divine.

She, in the courts above,
In uncreated light and glory dwells,
And there the song of holy rapture swells.

Is it not well with those,
Those whom on earth the heavenly Master blessed ? —
The early-called to heaven's eternal rest ?

Pledge of her sure repose
Is the sweet rest our loved one seems to keep,
Calmly, as hushed in nature's tranquil sleep.

Has she not won it all ?
Unbowed by sorrow, and unstained by sin,
Is it not hers the glorious meed to win ?

Would we that soul recall,
And bid the rushing tide of nature shed
Its living glow o'er that young, sinless head ?

Let nature mourn that she
No more may turn on us that death-sealed eye ;
Faith's ardent gaze can pierce the clouded sky.

Source of our trust ! to Thee
In holy confidence the dust we give :
Thy thrilling voice can bid the slumberer live.

Does she not live in heaven ?
What mortal eye could view the angelic band
That led the ransomed to the promised land ?

To heavenly harps was given
The strain which bade her welcome to the shore
Where the freed soul can taste of death no more.

THE WORSHIP OF CHILDHOOD.

THE SPONTANEOUS TRIBUTE OF A CHILD OF FOUR YEARS.

MORN broke in beauty on the eye, and tinged a glorious
scene,
The broad o'erarching dome of heaven and fields of
verdant green.
The smile of God was on His work, the beautiful and
bright,
And earth gave back its radiant glow, as woke morn's
dawning light.

Nature in matchless beauty bowed before her Maker's
shrine,
And, vocal with her myriad tones, adored His hand
divine.
His love lit up her sunny brow, and woke her kindling
smile,
And to her breath its perfume gave, man's spirit to be-
guile.

From whispering bough, and murmuring brook, and
feathered minstrels' lays,
Arose the mingling sacrifice, the choral song of praise.
As though an angel's wing had drooped in grace and
glory there,
Went up from His mute worshipers the "still small"
breath of prayer.

While swelled the adoring anthem forth from mountain
and from plain,
A noble boy the music caught, and raised his tuneful
strain.
While with his infant voice he spread his Maker's praise
abroad,
He gently whispered in our ear, "I sang that song for
God."

Thou blessed one! upon whose brow life's dew-drops
still are bright,
Homage like that ascends to God, accepted in His sight.
Richer than minstrel's melody, or organ's pealing tone,
The heart's deep adoration swells to His celestial throne.

When manhood's sterner seal is set upon that infant brow,
Still be thy spirit's homage poured, as pure, as fresh as
now :
The hand of God be on thy head, His smile illumine the
way
Which leads His fervent worshiper to heaven's un-
clouded day.

"I SEE THEE STILL."

MOTHER and wife !

From thine abode of purity and peace,
Thou comest in thy gentle beauty back,
As full of meek and quiet loveliness,
As when thy home was earth.

"I see thee still."

A year, that works such deep mysterious change,
Cannot efface thy memory from my heart.
The friend, within whose veins the tide of life
Flows warm, may change, and the sweet flower of love
Lie crushed and scentless in our desolate path.
The dead change not : with mystic beauty crowned,
They visit us, and with mysterious tones,
Low whispered in the midnight solitude,
Or twilight's gentle hush, they breathe the vow
Of love, unchanged, unchangeable, divine.

"I see thee still ;" not in thy coffined sleep,
When weeping friends in silent sorrow met,
To bear thy precious ashes to their rest.
I see thee, as thy living image moved,
Blessing the home where thou didst do thy work,
In singleness of heart, as serving God.
Yes, sainted one ! each deed of holy love,
Not on the crumbling marble traced, but stamped
In characters that time cannot efface,
Deep on my heart, bears record of thy worth.

And yet again I meet thee, where thy feet
Entered with reverent step the house of God.
In thine accustomed seat I see the eye,
Bent down in silent prayer, or raised to catch
A blessing from His sacred oracles ;
And still again at the baptismal font,
Where thou didst lead the treasures He had given ,
To dedicate them to His holy Son.
Once more, I meet thee at the hallowed feast,
The sweet memorial of his matchless love.
There didst thou love to come, nor was thy seat
E'er vacant at the consecrated board,
Till wan disease its finger laid on thee,
And as a holy messenger of love,
Led thee from earth's imperfect rite to turn,
And, at the marriage supper of the Lamb,
To sit thee down in joy.

“ I see thee still ; ”

But not where blooming only to decay
Comes the sweet breath of Spring's awakening flowers,
Within Mount Pleasant's prayer-blest solitudes :
Not there I see thee.

But where flowers burst forth,
All radiant with the hues of living bloom,
Thyself a seraph form, with golden harp,
And spotless robe, and voice of melody,
I see thee standing mid a shining band.
Thine eye is turned to earth with tender beam
Of love ecstatic, and thy heaven-tuned lip
Calls us to join thee there.

Ah ! thou wast dear, —
Art dear to me, though death divides our homes.
Shall love delight the less in tranquil hour,
To meditate upon the friend in heaven
Than on the friend on earth ? No : let us hold
Communion with the Infinite, Unseen,
That when our souls, death's narrow pathway past,
Shall enter at the golden gate of heaven,
It may not be as strangers, but as those
Who claim some kindred with the souls within.

Yes ! thou art dear to me, thou glorified !
Thine was a sister's sweetness, with a truth
And dignity that almost won from me
A daughter's loving trust. O ! if to thee,
Ransomed, redeemed from the embrace of earth,
Our yearning love can soar, and if thy soul
Communes with hearts left sorrowing here below,
Not vain, perchance, the tribute which I pay
To thy loved memory.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

LONELY and solemn night !
And in the bark the silence of despair :
The brooding gloom, the storm-wind's fearful might,
Alike breathe terror there.

And hearts with anguish beat,
Noble and giantlike in manly pride ;
Though feeble now their mortal strength, to meet
The stern and swelling tide.

But see ! what godlike form
Triumphant treads the rudely tossing wave,
While bending low to Him who rules the storm,
His feet the billows lave ?

To the astonished eye
Of those who mark this dread display of power,
A spirit seems, with purpose stern and high,
To rule the fearful hour.

Deep horror fills the soul ;
The straining eyes with wondering awe dilate ;
And as the foaming surges round them roll,
Trembling, their doom they wait.

But list ! a " still, small voice "
Of more than seraph sweetness meets the ear :

Amid the gloom their troubled souls rejoice ;
Their Saviour, he is near.

The billows sink to rest,
Calmly upon the bosom of the deep, —
As infant folded to its mother's breast,
Rests in its placid sleep.

Jesus ! whose mighty word
The raging tempest lulled to sweetest peace,
When our souls' depths by passion's breeze are stirred,
Bid the wild tumult cease.

And when the hour is nigh
Which tries our faith or lures our feet from thee,
Whisper those thrilling accents, "It is I,"
And hush our agony.

"I ASK NOT THY SMILES."

I ASK not thy smiles when thy fortunes are bright,
When wealth sheds around thee its magical light :
Enough will be near thee, in homage to bow,
And twine the gay chaplet to wreathe o'er thy brow.

But when, sad and lonely, thou bowest thy head,
And all the gay train which late worshiped has fled,
Then I would be with thee, thy anguish to share,
To soothe sad remembrance and weep with thee there.

O ! not when earth's splendors shine brightest and best,
Can the force of affection be put to the test ;
But the hour of its triumph, its jubilee strain,
Is the night-watch of sorrow, the dirge-note of pain.

Yes ! lonely and rayless existence would be,
Were the heart from affliction's sweet ministry free.
In the midnight of sorrow, Faith's star beams most bright,
And Love o'er the soul sheds its holiest light.

Then give to the many the smiles of those hours,
O'er which have been lavished life's paradise flowers.
Thy moments of gladness their spirits may prize :
I ask for thy anguish, thy tears and thy sighs.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE
LORD."

WE marked her fading cheek,
And gazed in sadness on her closing eye :
We knew the spoiler's ruthless hand was nigh.
But human strength was weak :
Love could not shield her in its fond embrace,
From him who spares not beauty, rank, nor grace.

The silent tear we shed.
Did not the Saviour hallow with a tear,
Alike the lowly grave, the sable bier ?
And o'er our loved and dead
Shall not fond Nature's dewy incense fall,
As from the past her image we recall ?

The placid smile we miss,
Which kindled gladness wheresoe'er it fell,—
The heart which beat so true, and loved so well.
It was our meed of bliss
To share awhile the sunlight of her love,
Ere it should shed its brighter glow above.

Heave not the anguished sigh
For her who calmly, meekly bowed her head,
Fearless, death's hope-illumined path to tread.

Lift ye the soul on high
In grateful praise for that last conquest-hour,
When death stood vanquished by Faith's mighty power.

Farewell ! sweet friend ! farewell !
May we but follow, as thy footsteps pressed
The untrodden path our Lord and Saviour blest ;
Then shall our spirits swell
The song of greeting on that peaceful shore,
Where earth's sad strain of parting is no more.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

VISION of purity and grace !
Upon whose lineaments we trace
The image of that perfect mind
Within thy tiny form enshrined,
How yearns my heart in tenderness,
Thy opening, onward path to bless !

Bright are the skies above thee spread,
Sweet are the flowers around thee shed.
Thy stainless cheek, this blessed rest,
May image well thy infant breast.
The untroubled depths of life's fair stream
Reflect alone heaven's radiant beam.

Child of a mother's ceaseless care,
Of trembling hope and fervent prayer !

What destiny is thine below,
Our bounded vision may not know :
Vain is the spirit's highest lore
The untrodden future to explore.

Silent His perfect will we wait,
Who watches o'er thy coming fate,
With more than father's faithful eye,
Or mother's gushing sympathy ;
Who hears the ravens as they call,
And marks the tender sparrow's fall.

Seek for that jewel rich and rare,
Which comes, and comes alone, by prayer, —
His strengthening grace in danger's hour,
His sheltering love when tempests lower :
So shall the certain path be trod,
Which leads to glory and to God.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER AN ORDINATION.

If ever angel's wing
Droop from its home of purity and bliss,
Pardon, salvation, blessedness to bring,
It is in hours like this.

The holy rite is done ;
The solemn, consecrating prayer is said.
Servant of God and herald of his Son !
Peace be upon thy head.

Fast to thy spirit gird
The shield of faith, to guard in danger's hour.
Thy helmet be salvation, and His word
Thy sword of conquering power.

Even as a daily dress,
Truth's radiant robe of grace and glory wear.
The shining breastplate of His righteousness
Like Christ's true soldier bear.

Watchman on Zion's hill !
Set the glad word of mercy to proclaim,
Make known to men thy Father's gracious will,
And magnify His name.

So when the Master's voice
Shall summon thee in glory to appear,
As peasant's heart at eventide, rejoice
The low-breathed call to hear.

And as his weary feet
Turn fondly to his home at close of day,
So may thy heart with holy rapture beat,
To tread death's heavenward way.

God keep thy soul in love,
Strong through the conquering energy of prayer,
Till gathered to His ministry above,
Thy Saviour greets thee there.

"IT IS WELL."

It is not when to mortal sight,
Earth's glittering day-dreams seem most bright,
Not when its smiles are all our own,
Are Faith's sublimest triumphs known.
When summer skies, with golden ray,
Illume the flowers that strew our way,
How easy from our joy's full cell,
Gush the sweet accents, "it is well!"

But when, in speechless wo, the heart
Sees one by one its hopes depart,
And earth's most rich and radiant bloom
Lies scentless in its early tomb;
Then through the might of him whose word
The raging waves obedient heard,

More sweetly 'mid the tempest's swell,
Breathes the low whisper, "it is well."

Fond record to the stricken breast !
Saviour ! thy sacred name be blest !
Be near us in our hour of need ;
Safely our sinking footsteps lead.
Thine eye of pitying love can see
Our depth of secret agony.
Thou who didst once with mortals dwell,
Say to our spirits, "it is well !"

Though the fond heart in anguish mourn
The treasures from its casket torn ;
'Mid fadeless flowers and cloudless skies,
They shine as gems of Paradise.
There Hope to full fruition turns,
And Love with beam undying burns ;
While, 'mid the harps which round her swell,
Faith sings exulting, "it was well."

"IN DREAMS OF SILENT NIGHT."

In dreams of silent night, thy voice
Fell gently on my ear.
Though all unseen thy shadowy form,
Yet still that voice was near.

Like music from some blessed land,
Upon my ear it stole,
And breathed a speechless ecstasy
Throughout my inmost soul.

It woke, with wizard's spell, a thought
Of bright, but vanished hours ;
When gayly in its blooming paths
I plucked life's thornless flowers.

But not on me thy words sent forth
Their sweet mysterious flow.
Waking, thy thoughts are not of me :
Shall dreams the boon bestow ?

Still it was ecstasy to catch
That dear, though "careless word."
How oft by one low-uttered tone,
The heart's deep springs are stirred !

I woke : the rapture was dispelled,
With morning's golden beam ;
As life's most fair and dazzling joys
Prove oft a fading dream.

HYMN TO NATURE.

HAIL, glorious Nature ! in thy form
What grace and glory lie,
The weary spirit to entrance,
And charm the wondering eye !
How dear, when summer friends grow cold,
And disappoint our trust,
To hold sweet fellowship with thee,
The tender and the just !

The trusting soul to thee may turn,
Nor doubt thy radiant smile :
There beats no heart, beneath its light,
Of malice or of guile.
Gentle as ever loving child,
And faithful as thy God,
Thy love makes glad the lowliest one
That treads thy verdant sod.

Thou with the stamp of fadeless youth
Upon thy loveliness,
Wearest thy green and glorious robe,
Even as a festal dress.
Time, that beneath his ruthless sway
The stateliest form will bow,
Leaves not the shadow of a change
Upon thy queenly brow.

Thou bright and blessed ! make us each
Thy gracious influence feel,

And to our spirits' inmost depths
Thy Source and Soul reveal.
Teach us the signet of His hand
On thy pure page to trace :
So may our trusting souls secure
The treasures of His grace.

THE EARLY DEAD.

FLOWERS for the early dead !
The rose, the lily, and the violet bring,
Around their quiet resting-place to shed,—
A precious offering.

Joy for the early dead !
Joy for the meed of perfect rapture given.
Earth's phantom flash before that beam has fled,
Full-orbed and bright, of heaven.

Smiles for the early dead !
We grieve not when, his day of labor o'er,
The weary peasant bows his fainting head
At his low cottage door.

Tears for the early dead !
The bright and beautiful from earth set free :
Yes ! drop upon their flower-encircled bed
Tears of sweet ecstasy.

Prayers for the early dead !
Of fervent thanksgiving and holy trust,
Through Him, the Conqueror over death, be said,
Above their sleeping dust.

Songs for the early dead !
Wherewith to cheer the heart of sorrowing love.
They sweep their golden harps with those who tread
Celestial courts above.

Thus crown the early dead,
Whose grave is even as a hallowed shrine.
With all pure things and bright their names are wed,
In union most divine.

AN APPEAL FOR SEAMEN.

For those who, faint and lone,
In sunshine and in storm their vigils keep,
And fearless brave the dangers of the deep,
We raise the pleading tone :
Ye who can boast a shrine, a hearth, a home,
Forget not those "a world of waves" who roam.

They bear from every shore,
The ice-bound cliff and India's burning strand,
A tide of wealth and glory to our land :

They waft the golden store,
The fragrant spice, the diamond's flashing ray,
The midnight glare that mocks the light of day.

List to the breathing voice,
Thou in whose path wealth's glittering gifts are spread !
Rest the worn frame, and raise the drooping head ;

The sorrowing soul rejoice :
Wealth the uncounted, endless, shall be thine,
And peace fold o'er thy heart its wing divine.

And thou, whose gift may be
As one lone drop upon the desert plain,
Thou shalt not find the humble offering vain :

A blessing waits for thee.
Was not the widow's mite received by Him
Within whose sight earth's heartless glare grows dim ?

Then with your gifts of love,
Come, at the shrine of mercy to appear ;
Come, and the weary, sorrowing spirit cheer ;
And to the shrine above
The gracious deed as incense shall be given,
And be your passport at the gate of heaven.

LIFE.

"O nostra vita ! ch 'e si bella in vista."

At day's sweet dawn, the traveler's feet
Shrink not his destined path to meet ;
While, blithe and gay, his earnest eye
Nor cloud nor danger can descry.

Sweet flowers perfume his dewy way ;
The sun sheds down his golden ray ;
And birds breathe forth their matin song,
His heart's deep rapture to prolong.

Fresh hopes new dreams of beauty wake ;
Fresh charms upon his vision break :
The glowing sky, the scented air,
Alike bring peace and gladness there.

Thus is it with life's fitful dream :
In youth, its visioned glories beam
With hopes as fair, and ray as bright,
As usher in morn's welcome light ;

As cloudless suns the sky illumine,
And flowers as bright the air perfume ;
Music awakes a strain as sweet,
The pilgrim's listening ear to greet.

What though life's radiant dreams decay,
As visions fade at break of day ?

Though time's sad trophies we behold,
And Faith grows dim, and Hope is cold ? —

A day shall burst upon our sight,
Gemmed with the rays of heavenly light ;
And gloom before those beams shall flee,
Whose fountain is eternity.

“THEN SHALL THE DUST RETURN TO THE EARTH
AS IT WAS, AND THE SPIRIT SHALL RETURN TO
GOD WHO GAVE IT.”

THANKS for the promise given !
Low at Thy throne, Eternal One ! we bend,
And with our gushing tears our praise would blend.
To Thee, the High in heaven,
In humble confidence our souls we raise :
Thine be our grateful prayer, our solemn praise.

Father ! the flesh is weak
To bear the burden of Thy chastening hand,
Who in Thy presence, Mighty One ! can stand ?
Speak, Gracious Father ! speak !
Let love's low-breathing tones our anguish heal :
Thine arm, omnipotent to bless, reveal,

Not o'er her peaceful sleep, —
 Not that the glorious guerdon of the blest
 Has led our loved one to her heavenly rest,
 The gushing tear we weep.
 But for the stricken hearts left mourning here,
 Fond nature sheds the unavailing tear.

We bear to kindred dust
 The dwelling whence the immortal guest has fled.
 Hope's quenchless beam is on its ashes shed ;
 While we, in holy trust,
 Cling to the pledge by inspiration given, —
 The spirit shall return to God and heaven.

Eternal Spirit ! Thou
 Whose dread command these living temples formed,
 Whose breathing energy our spirits warmed, —
 Thou to whom death must bow,
 When earth, and sin, and death have passed away,
 Receive our souls to everlasting day.

THE BRIDAL.

THE breath of prayer ascends to Heaven,
While hearts in homage bow,
And a gentle form is kneeling there,
To breathe her bridal vow.
With a brow as meek, a heart as warm,
As the humblest in her land,
The royal maiden plights her troth,
With a true but trembling hand.

Not wealth or rank alone she gives,
Though bright the baubles shine ;
But a heart is in the maiden's hand,
Priceless as love's own mine.
What a holy gush of joy wells forth
From her soul's deep tenderness,
As steal those words upon her ear,
Which her inmost spirit bless !

Blessings upon thy future way,
Thou of a kingly line !
May the flame that lights thy young heart now
E'er feed the holy shrine !
Nor be the wealth of thy tenderness
Thrown back on the lonely heart,
Which sees, with silent misery,
The star of its hopes depart.

But true as shines heaven's radiant arch,
Be that undying beam,

Which makes the light of departing age
Brighter than youth's gay dream.
And though, at the wizard touch of death,
The holiest ties are riven,
Love's mystic chain but parts on earth,
To be clasped more close in heaven.

THE RETURNING WANDERER.

WELCOME ! thou blessed spot !
Too long my feet the stranger's soil have pressed.
Long viewless, but, O ! never yet forgot,
I seek thy blissful rest.

Welcome ! my childhood's home !
How doth my soul with voiceless rapture burn !
Once more thy well-remembered haunts to roam,
My wandering footsteps turn.

Before the shrine I bow,
Holy and hallowed by the air of heaven,
Where by the covenant of baptismal vow,
My soul to God was given.

My spirit leaps to greet
Its altar fires, its music rich and rare,

And listen to the breathings low and sweet,
Borne on the wing of prayer.

And thou, upon whose breast,
Peaceful I slept in helpless infancy,
Whose voice in dreams I hear, mother most blest !
Weary I turn to thee.

When on the billowy deep,
Through cloud and storm my watery path I trod,
Thine eye around my way its watch did keep,
Thou ever blessed God !

When death's dread power was nigh,
Thy guardian love my life unharmed hath kept,
While fond affection o'er the dying eye,
In speechless sorrow wept.

Therefore to Thee I raise,
To Thee, whence mercy and deliverance came,
With filial gratitude, a song of praise,
And bless Thy hallowed name.

Guide me in safety through
Earth's wanderings, till death's narrow way be pressed ;
And the sweet founts and pastures green I view
Of my eternal rest.

SPRING.

WELCOME ! O blessed Spring !
Grateful to thee I sing,
Whose voice can bid our secret anguish cease.
Visit each lonely shrine
With music most divine :
Whisper of sweetest hope and gentlest peace.

Yet many a heart in tears,
Thine airy footstep hears.
Thoughts of long-vanished joys come back with thee ;
And from the soul's deep cells
A strain of sadness swells,
To mingle with thy breathing melody.

Above their lowly dead,
The silent tear is shed,
As fall the silvery dews on thy young flowers.
Nor will thy angel smile
Their secret grief beguile,
Nor chase the shadows from their weary hours.

But with a mystic voice,
That bids my soul rejoice,
Thou visitest my path by night and day.
How blessed is thy light,
Which beams o'er death's dark night,
And sheds a glory o'er earth's pilgrim way !

Thanks that the sweet perfume
Of nature's radiant bloom
Comes yet again new beauty to impart.
Thanks that I hear again
The soft and soothing strain,
Whose heaven-taught harmonies make glad my heart.

Yet shall the spirit raise
A holier song of praise,
For gifts more fair are borne upon thy wing, —
Breathings of that bright clime
Beyond the touch of time,
Where blooms and blossoms an eternal Spring.

Thy glory droops and dies ;
But on its grave there lies
A sunbeam from the skies that have no night.
Earth's bloom shall melt away,
Yet shall its fading ray
Brighten again in realms of endless light.

THE DEATH-BED OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

RESTLESS she lies upon her couch, England's anointed
Queen,
She of the bold and iron will, of stern and haughty
mien.
Feeble as ever helpless child, she draws her failing
breath,
And she who human power defied, bows at the call of
death.

His hand of ice is on her heart, his breath upon her
brow :
Where is her might, that ruthless one ? what is her sceptre
now ?
What boots it that by sea and shore, the conquering cry
ascends,
And with her name, the maiden Queen, the song of tri-
umph blends ?

Why struggles thus her trembling frame, as seized with
sudden dread ?
Why in the cushion's downy depths hides she her haughty
head ?
Rank showers its honors on her head, nor brings her
soul release ;
Wealth lays its treasures at her feet, — it cannot purchase
peace.

O ! such a glance of agony was in that fearful eye,
As though arrayed in fleshly robe, the pale-browed king
were nigh.

The lowliest subject in her realm at his stern call might
bow,
Nor wear such fixed and lone despair upon his pallid
brow.

Well may deep dread the spirit seize, the eye with fear
dilate :

What to the guilty shall avail 'the' splendors of their
state ?

The shades of vanished years before her mental vision
pass,
Reflected with unerring truth from Memory's faithful
glass.

Beside her couch a vision stands of rich and queenlike
grace ;

And truth and goodness sit enthroned upon her youthful
face.

She rises, radiant with the spell of love's celestial light,
The worshiped idol of a court, the beautiful, the bright.

Kings bow in homage at her feet, their fealty to pay ;
The minstrel breathes upon her ear his soul-entrancing
lay.

Shrined in a nation's heart, the theme of story and of
song,

Yet warmly loved of all, most bright amid a princely
throng.

A moment, and the cloud has drooped upon her glorious
brow ;
Her cheek is pale with care, her eye is dim with weep-
ing now :
Yet peerless, though the woes of years have bowed her
spirit down,
As when there shone upon that brow a monarch's jew-
eled crown.

Where was thy sympathy, thou skilled in cold and treach-
erous art ?
Stern one ! hadst thou no woman's love within thy
woman's heart ?
Such mingled grief and loveliness might win a heart of
stone ;
Yet nature's bond of fellowship thy spirit did not own.

Lured by thy promises, she turned her weary soul to
thee :
Thou didst its guileless trust betray, in bitter mockery.
Meekly, beneath the lifted steel she bowed her head in
prayer,
And left thy earth-bound soul to meet the depth of its
despair.

The past gives back its shadowy forms, the dust its
shrouded dead,
And she, that cold and voiceless form, stands now beside
thy bed.
Well may'st thou shrink in agony, guilt-stricken and dis-
mayed,
Thus haunted in thy dying hour by her thine arts be-
trayed.

THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE.

TWILIGHT was deepening into sombre night,
Along the shore of Galilee's fair sea.
Its waters lay in beauteous repose,
Save where the gentle breath of evening raised
A ripple on its surface, while around,
Humble, yet teeming with content and joy,
Rose the rude walls of many a fisher's home.

A throng, with wondering eye and listening ear,
Had gathered at the Master's side, intent
To see some healing miracle, and hear
The gracious words that issued from his lips.
All day, in holy love his feet had trod
Their path of mercy, bearing to the souls
Of that vast multitude the words of peace
Which fell upon their ears, even as a strain
From heavenly harps. With sweet compassion moved,
The dying frame he healed, strengthened the weak,
And whispered comfort to the sorrowing soul :
Nor this alone.

Of that fair home he spoke, —
The Infinite, Unseen, the land of peace,
The blessed kingdom, where the "pure in heart
Shall see their God." What marvel that the eye
Gazed all entranced upon his face ? the ear
Drank in the holy yet mysterious tones
Which told of such seraphic blessedness ?
Well might they herald him Judea's king,

Whose hand unbarred the doors of heaven, who bade
Their vision gaze on the unclouded light
Revealed within.

The day was now far spent,
Yet pensive eve, with soft and balmy breath,
Scarce wooed their ravished spirits to repose,
So deep and holy was the spell that breathed
From the Redeemer's words. His followers came,
And prayed him speedily to send away
The famished multitudes. With gentle voice
He turned, unheeding their request, and said,
"Let them not go, but give ye them to eat."
With glance astonished on the Master's face
They gazed, and answered, "See our scanty store, —
Five loaves and two small fishes. What are they
Among so many?"

"Bring them unto me,"
The Saviour said: then to the throne of God
In fervent prayer his eye he raised, and asked
His Father's blessing on the humble meal.

Faith! Prayer! O! what a holy might is yours!
Ye have unloosed the gates of death, brought back
To earth the soul released from its embrace,
Eyes to the blind have given, bade the dumb
Break forth in strains of fervent thanksgiving,
And have brought near to man thy holy mount,
Jerusalem! "the mother of us all!"

He gave to his disciples: they in turn
Dispensed it to the seated multitude.

But, lo ! can thought conceive, can language tell,
The glory beaming mid that wondering host ?
An angel seemed amid their ranks to glide.
Speechless they gazed, for mingled love and awe
Had settled on their souls, as heavenly guests.
From mouth to mouth the scanty portion spread,
Miraculously multiplied, nor ceased
Till all were fed ; when of the fragments left,
Twelve basketsful were gathered.

Ye might well
Gaze on that miracle of wondrous might,
Ye unbelieving hearts, while from your lips
The exulting shout went up, proclaiming him
The Prophet-King, the Shiloh, long foretold
By ancient seers.

Jesus, "Thou Bread of life !"
With food eternal feed our famished souls ;
Nor let our footsteps faint, nor faith grow dim,
Till upon Zion's hill with thee we stand.

I SEE THEE NOT.

* * "WHEN thou wast far away,
Sharing the traveler's toilsome lot,
Deem'dst thou that this, thy natal day,
By kindred hearts was e'er forgot?
Ah, no! it but returned to see
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, with thee."

I see thee not: yet on the heart
Thine image seems to fall;
And dreams whose light can ne'er depart,
Affection will recall.
Linked are the joys of other hours,
To thy loved memory,
The perfume of life's withered flowers
Was sweeter shared with thee.

I see thee not: the stranger's shore
Thy weary footsteps press.
Turn to thy vacant place once more,
Kindred and home to bless.
Our anxious love has missed too long
The sunlight of thy smile.
Hushed is the voice whose pleasant song
Our sorrow could beguile.

I see thee not; but prayer ascends
From hearts "left drooping" here,
And with thy name its incense blends,
Absent! yet still how dear!

When clouds are round thy distant way,
God keep thy soul in love ;
While beams upon its gloom a ray, —
The glory from above.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER LEXINGTON.

“ We know not what a day may bring forth.”

FLED like the horrors of a fearful dream,
The secrets of that dark and awful night.
The sun in glorious majesty went down,
Shedding the splendors of his parting beam
O'er the expanse of sky, and land, and sea.
Forth on the yielding wave the bounding bark,
Exulting as an uncaged bird to cleave
With golden wing its airy element,
Moved in the pride of queenly dignity.
And hearts beat there whose gems of truth and love
Outshone the wealth of Eastern argosy.
Hope, the fond priestess at affection's shrine,
Awaited each returning wanderer,
While Love grew breathless from excess of bliss.

How little know we, when the heart beats high
With joy's untold, unutterable strength,
What the dim future has in store to blight
Life's fairest bloom, and hope's most radiant dreams !

Morn broke in glory where the sun had set
In peace. That gallant bark, which proudly trod
Her onward path, and seemed to set at nought
The strength of man, and almost to repel,
In scorn, the arm of the Omnipotent,
Where had it vanished, with its wealth of mind ?
Had the pure breeze of heaven, with gentle breath,
Borne it in triumph to its destined port ?
Had heart met heart in bliss, around that shrine
Made sacred by the hallowing name of home ?

Not such the dark reality ; but grief
Imprints no trace upon the treacherous wave,
Nor leaves its record on the sea-washed sand.
Else might a pen of living flame have stamped,
Deeply, indelibly, its impress there.
What precious hopes were blighted, what sweet dreams
Were to the hours of waking anguish changed,
When goodness, beauty, youth and age were borne
Trophies to gem the silent halls of death !
Thither the pride of manhood, and the grace
Of matron beauty, and the uncounted wealth
Garnered within a mother's love, went down.
The eagle glance of youth, the fearless eye
Of childhood's holy confidence are closed
In that hushed sleep which knows no waking hour,
Save in the clime where death is all unknown.

And thou, O man of God ! what yearning thoughts
Cluster around thy lowly ocean-grave !
What fervor of devotion, what sublime
And spirit-stirring powers of mind were thine !
Thy voice, as though an angel's harp had lent

The music of its chords to mortal tongue,
Fell on the listening ear, and charmed the soul.
We hear no more its meek yet earnest tones,
In fervent prayer within God's earthly courts.
Amid angelic hosts thy strains are heard,
Hymning the praises of the Eternal One.
Nor by his side, thy brother and thy friend,
Shall calmly rest thy precious ashes, where
Mount Auburn sheds its perfume on the breeze,
Wooing earth's pilgrim traveler to repose,
Mid Spring's sweet bloom and Autumn's glorious hues,
On the calm bosom of his mother earth.
Love on the marble cenotaph shall trace
The spotless record of thy faithfulness,
While nature rears its monument of waves
Above the nameless spot where sleeps thy dust.

Rest ye in peace, ye sleepers of the deep !
Oft shall the tear-dimmed eye, as pensive eve
Sheds o'er the soul sweet memories of the past,
Turn to that lone and lowly resting-place ;
While faith reposes in implicit trust
On the sure promise of Omnipotence :
The sea shall yield its dead, and buried Love
And Love left sorrowing o'er its wreck of bliss,
Shall meet again in rapture.

So tread on
The remnant of your earthly pilgrimage,
Ye who have seen life's fairest hopes decay,
Counting each cloud that lowers above your head
But as a curtaining veil which death shall rend,
And to his children's eye the smile reveal

Of Love Divine, — viewing each thorn that mars
 Your pathway as a flower to make more bright
 The amaranth wreath which crowns the sons of God.
 None are so near the golden gate of heaven
 As those whose spirits have been rendered pure
 By sanctified afflictions. So pass on,
 Till ye awake from earth's short, feverish dream,
 To share the blissful day which knows no night.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. KIRKLAND.

A DIRGE-NOTE and the sigh of grief are borne upon the air ;
 Yet blended with faith's lofty notes and with the breath
 of prayer.

The good man to the earth hath bowed his loved and
 honored head,

While to its full, eternal joy the immortal mind hath fled.

How oft in unbowed strength, his step that sacred path
 has trod,

Bearing unto expectant souls good tidings from their
 God !

And now death's dim and shadowy veil has fallen on his
 brow,

And we in silent reverence here above his ashes bow.

How often on this very spot the bread of life he
broke,
And of the Master's matchless love with sweet compas-
sion spoke ;
The mourner's stricken spirit cheered, and raised the
drooping head,
And peace within the contrite heart, as balm of healing
shed !

Hark ! from " Old Harvard's " classic walls, time-
hallowed and revered,
By many a name of lofty worth to fame and love en-
deared,
A tone is wafted to the ear, of blended grief and praise :
Learning and meek-eyed piety their mingling incense
raise.

His presence graced her loftiest seat, and yet no eye
could see
A shade of pride come o'er that brow of rare humility.
Her fame was precious to his soul, and with a parent's
care
He raised his voice to Heaven for her in supplicating
prayer.

And now, in filial grief, around his silent bier to stand,
Her sons come forth, the wise, the good, the gifted of
the land.
How truly honored in his life, their swelling hearts can
say,
Who gather round his confined rest, their meed of love to
pay !

The depths of memory are stirred ; her eagle flight she
takes :

Thoughts of my childhood's vanished years this solemn
hour awakes.

I hear again the notes of prayer, my head in reverence
bow,

And feel once more that hand in love pressed gently on
my brow.

O ! if in that most sacred hour the seal of God was given,
To be my passport when I reach the shining gates of
heaven,

How should I turn me in my joy, his honored name to
bless,

Whose hand unto my soul revealed such perfect happiness !

Now that the pleasant smile is gone, and hushed the
gentle voice,

Whose accents had such magic power the sorrowing to
rejoice,

His virtues,—let them ever beam with undecaying ray,
To shed their fragrance and their bloom around our
future way.

Rest thee, thou faithful patriarch ! rest ! with kindly heart
and true,

Thy hand performed the holy work appointed thee to do :
And now the fulness of His love, whose servant thou
hast been,

Beams all unclouded on thine eye, in majesty serene.

SABBATH HYMN.

THIS day let grateful praise ascend
To Thee, our Father and our Friend !
Thee, Author of this holy light,
Thee, throned in boundless power and might.

To Thee its morning light be given,
The noontide blaze, the dew of even ;
And may its silent night-watch be
Devoted, Mighty One ! to Thee !

Let no vain words of homage rise,
An empty, heartless sacrifice ;
Or clouds of breathing incense swell,
The pomp of human pride to tell.

The silent prayer, the contrite sigh,
The chastened heart, the filial eye,
Shall rise, a holier gift to Thee,
And at Thy throne accepted be.

O ! let the sacred hours be given
To truth, to duty, and to heaven ;
While trusting faith and holy love
Rise fervent to thy throne above.

Grant that our earthly Sabbaths be
But dawns of eternity,
To shadow forth that glorious rest,
The heavenly quiet of the blest.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

"Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY.

WHATEVER dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.

Let not the world thy God dethrone
Or from his smile divide;
And count, compared with heavenly wealth,
As dross all things beside.

Dim not the crystal of thy soul
By sin's destroying breath:
There lurks beneath its siren smile
Dark treachery and death.

Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer's lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.

And pray of God, that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way:

How dark soever it may be,
It leads to cloudless day.

THE SON OF GOD.

Not within palace-halls
The holy Infant lay ;
And yet upon those lowlier walls
Beamed a celestial ray ;
For there God's well-beloved Child
Reposed, — the holy, undefiled !

Not on a downy bed
Did the Redeemer lie ;
He had not where to lay his head
Beneath that Eastern sky ;
And yet earth's desert wastes he trod,
One with his Father and his God ; —

One in that holy love
Which his whole nature filled :
His was the meekness of the dove ;
Yet from his lips distilled
Wisdom which earth can never reach, —
Wisdom which Heaven alone can teach.

Sin had no power to dim
The radiance of his brow :
Earth with its glories tempted him,
His soul they could not bow ;
But the unsounded depths of truth
Fed the glad fountains of his youth.

Within his soul he bore
God's undisputed sign ;
His seal upon his brow he wore,
Mysterious, yet divine.
Angels of spotless purity
Left their bright homes his guard to be.

The blind received their sight
At his commanding word :
Guided by truth's celestial light,
The soul's far depths he stirred.
The earth gave back its icy dead ;
Disease his mandate heard, and fled.

Saviour ! be thou my guide,
My refuge and my rest !
Cast down the pillars of my pride,
And in my humbled breast
Erect the temple of thy grace ;
And on its shrine thy signet trace.

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

A SWEET and blessed strain they swell,
The glorious-tinted flowers,
On sunny slope, in shaded dell,
To cheer our weary hours.

Their fragrant odors rise to heaven :
In homage and in prayer ;
Silent the dewy incense given,
Yet God is hallowed there.

Bring them to strew around your dead,
To shine above their tomb :
Bright presage from their hues is shed
Of heaven's immortal bloom.

They woo us with their balmy breath
To summer bowers on high ;
They point us from decay and death
To flowers which never die.

Praise to Thee, Brightener of our hours !
For this sweet ministry,
Which by the breath of Thy fair flowers
Is leading us to Thee.



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